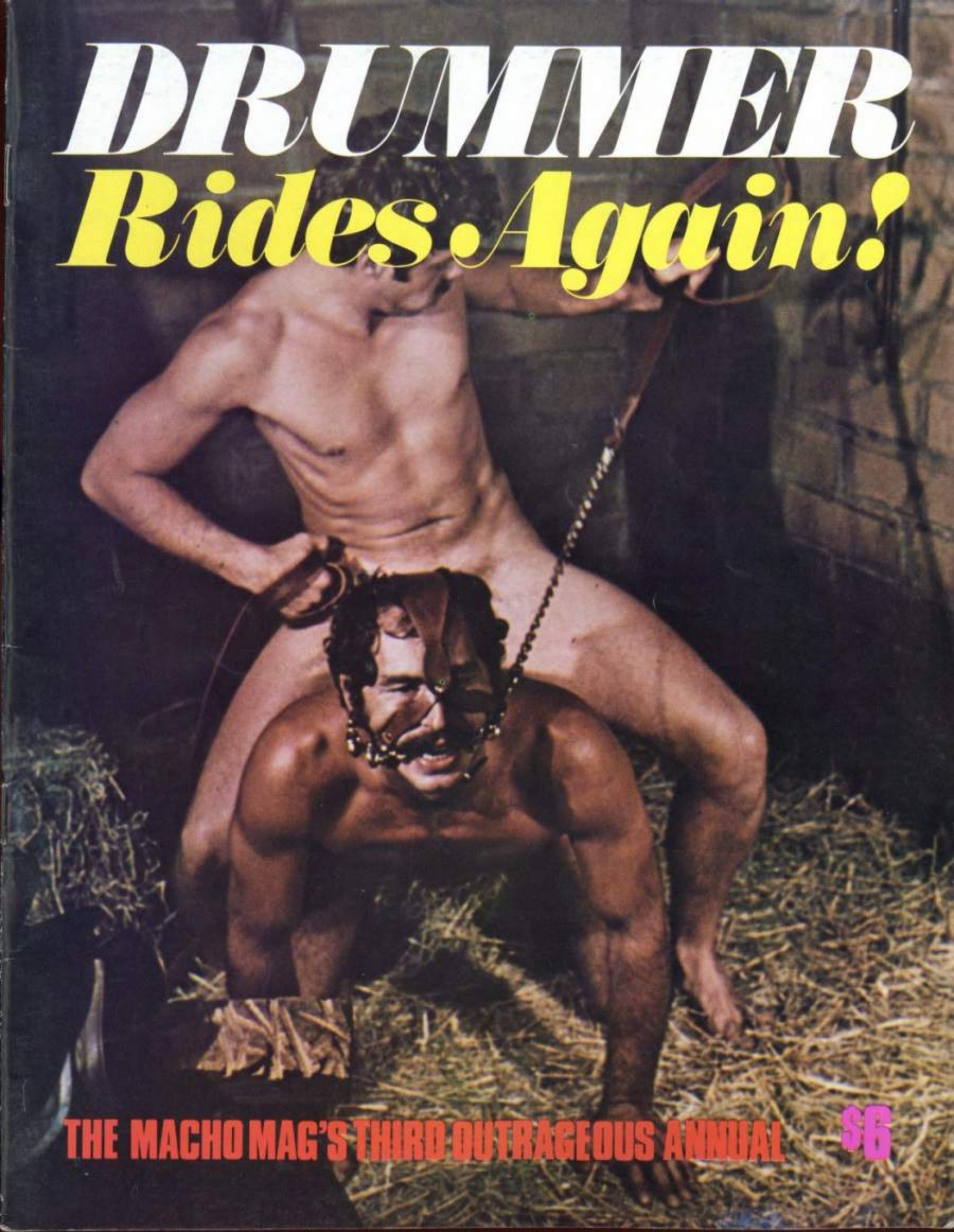
DRUMMER
Rides Again!



THE MACHO MAG'S THIRD OUTRAGEOUS ANNUAL $6

Drawing by HARRY BUSH

BOUND & GAGGED

THE QUEERHUNTER

POSE DOWN

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COVER PHOTO by Hangin' Tree Ranch. Models are: Robert Locke on the bottom and "Groovy Guy" winner Danny Combs, on top.

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LAMENT FOR A LOST LOVER

By Marty Rubin, Thebans M.C.

It was with nary a qualm or quaver of trepidation that some weeks ago I signed away "Big Mutha," my Honda Gold Wing 1000, toward the purchase of a custom van. In fact there was a definite feeling of relief.

"At last!" I thought. No more having to watch in horror each time some elderly bourgeois citizen would run a stop light and aim right for me – or make a left turn sharply in front of my bike. No more leaving 13 Buttons at closing time in 45-degree weather, to arrive home with my fingers frozen to the handlebars despite thick gloves. No more having to watch a huge, black, cloud-laden thunder-and-lightning storm approaching closer, ever closer, as I rode across some flat, barren stretch of Central Florida with absolutely no kind of shelter in sight. And of course, no more sweaty helmet on a hot summer day.

In addition, "Big Mutha" was three years old and long overdue for various items of service and replacement – at a cost which would have amortized the National Debt. Considering the kind of service I had always received over the years from my Friendly Neighborhood Bike Dealer, he should have kept a can of Crisco handy and kissed me each time I drove in.

How sweet it was to drive hom in my hot new van! And how lovely it was, two nights later, when on a lonely stretch of road west of the Palmetto, the carpeted interior got used for the purpose for which vans were created! I knew that the van and I would be happy together forevermore.

Until this morning, that is.

This morning the Theban gods sent us a day that they had obviously designated for biking, and for nothing else. A Perfect Day! Warm, but not too hot. A breeze, but not too windy. Rain possibility zero. A day, in short, to pack your saddlebags, call in to work and tell your boss something – ANYTHING! – and head on down to Key West. Or up to Orlando. Or across the Everglades to the Gulf. Knowing, of course, that such a Perfect Biker's Day could not possibly end with anything less than a perfect drink, a perfect dinner, some congenial company, and a fantastic companion for the night. Because that is how a Perfect Biker's Day usually *does* end. The Theban gods are quite beneficent in that respect.

So, leaving the Type Dungeon on my break this morning and looking across to where I used to park "Big Mutha," I had feelings somewhat akin to those of a dude gazing sadly at an empty pillow after having just kicked his lover out the night before. And suddenly remembering all the good times they'd had together!

How well I remember a six-month-long superhot motorcycle romance, during the course of which his *persona* underwent an irrevocable change from Disco to Heavy Leather. Meeting him every time under a spreading ficus tree near his house, because he didn't want his parents to see him on a motorcycle. And the night we went to the "Rocky Horror Picture Show," and his Dracula cape got tangled in my rear disc brake, almost dumping us in the middle of Coconut Grove. But most unforgetable of all, roaring up I-95 for a heavy session at my house, his legs pressed up under mine and his arms around my waist, his hands occasionally wandering to caress my thighs. When the weather was bad or we went on a trip I rented a car, but it was never the same. "Big Mutha" was very much a party to that three-way romance!

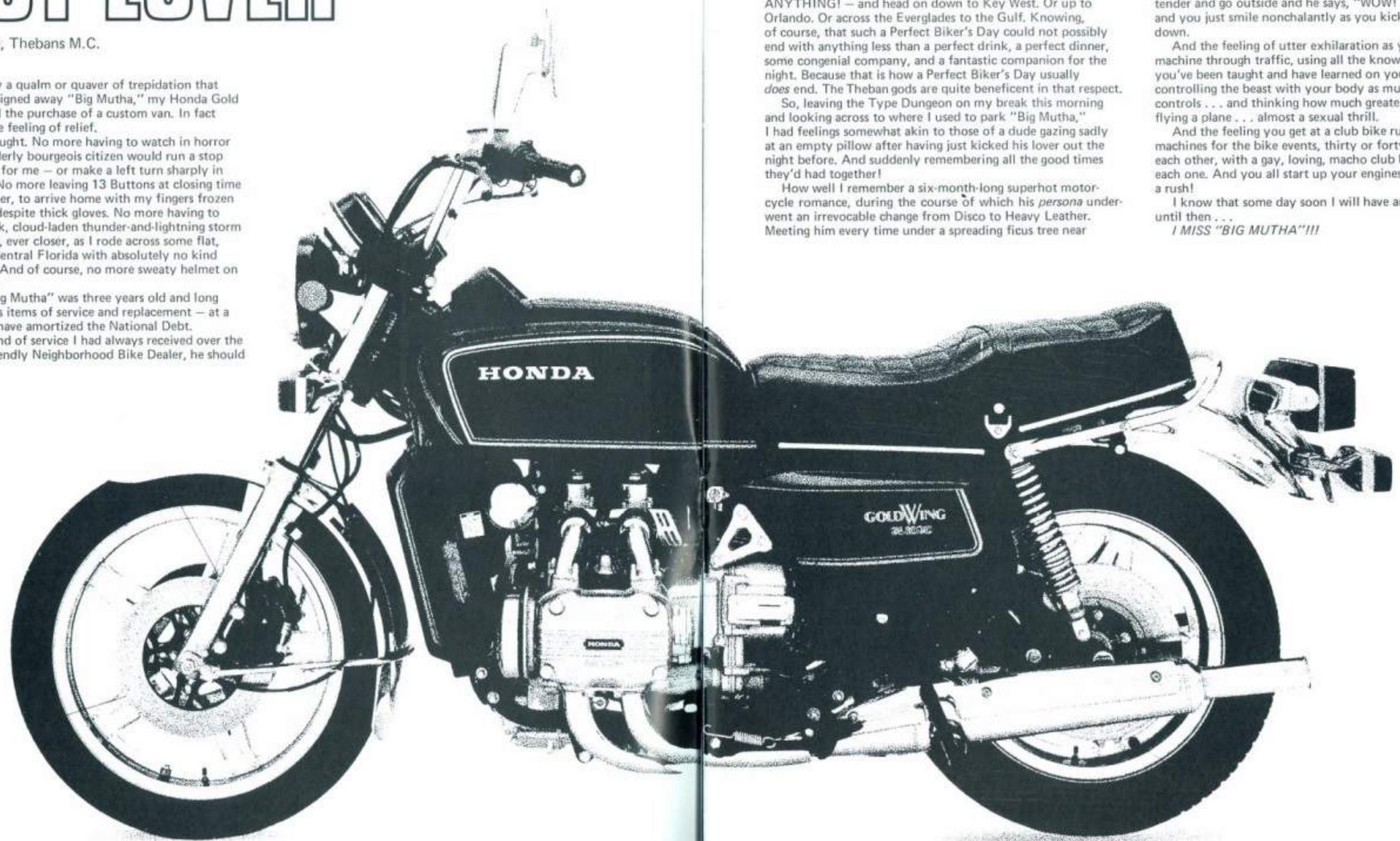
And the look of wonder on the face of someone you've just met in a bar when you get your helmets from the bartender and go outside and he says, "WOW! Is *that* your bike?" and you just smile nonchalantly as you kick the buddy pegs down.

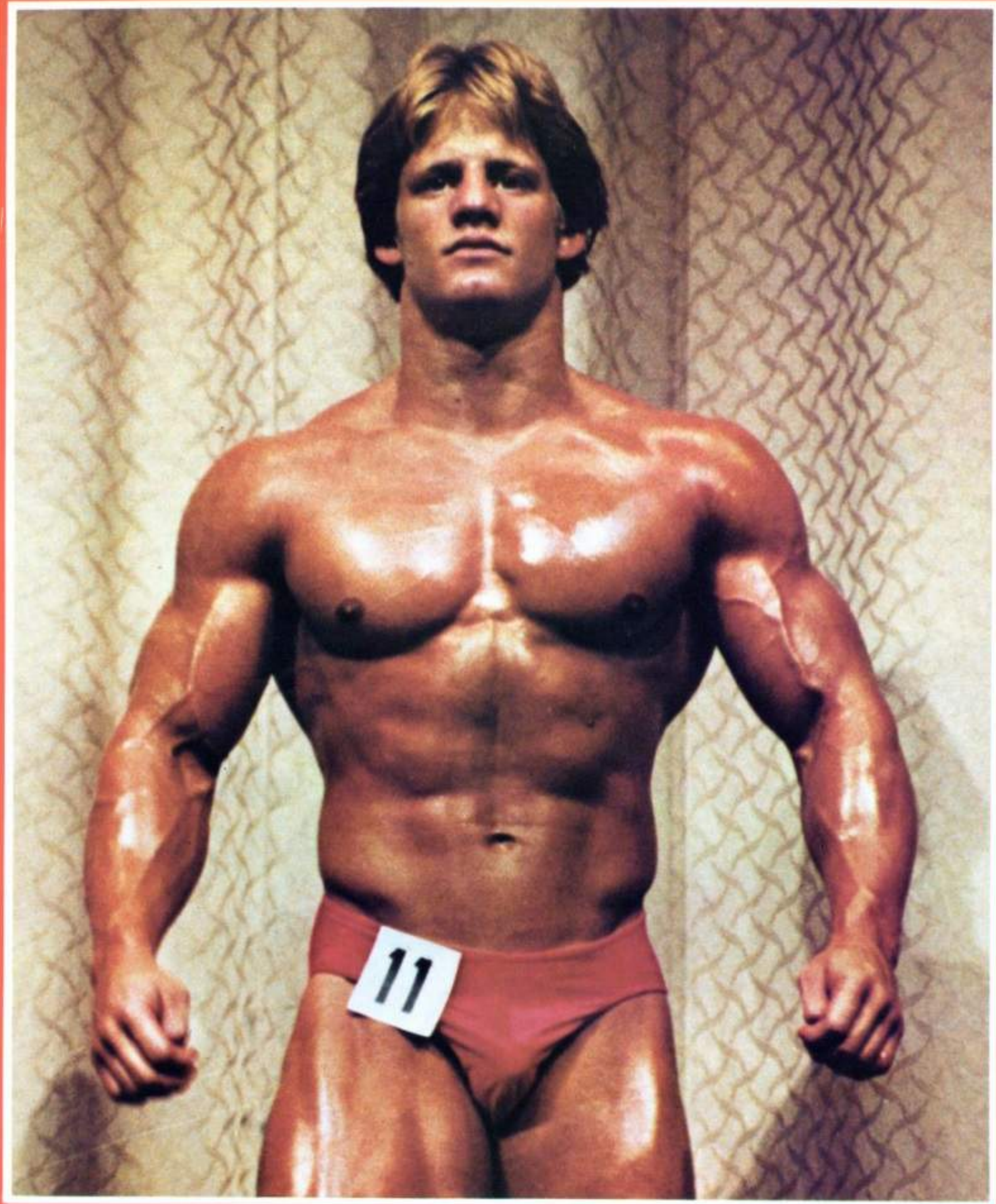
And the feeling of utter exhilaration as you guide the big machine through traffic, using all the knowledge and skill you've been taught and have learned on your own, controlling the beast with your body as much as with the controls . . . and thinking how much greater this feels than flying a plane . . . almost a sexual thrill.

And the feeling you get at a club bike run, lining up the machines for the bike events, thirty or forty bikes alongside each other, with a gay, loving, macho club brother astride each one. And you all start up your engines at once. What a rush!

I know that some day soon I will have another bike. But until then . . .

I MISS "BIG MUTHA"!!!





POSEDOWN

BY JIM HARDFIELD

"He maintains his control, but allows his posing to build and become more sexual as the animal in him comes to the fore. This triggers the men up front to groan and whistle and he throws his whole being into acknowledging their rampant praise.

It's interesting to me how well one man can know the mind and being of another. Take me for instance. You only need one hard look at me to feel your tongue go dry in your mouth. That is, if the sight of a dude radiating strong sure pride in his developed mascularity and defiant attitude sets your stones to riding high in their sac and your gut to tighten. So you see, you know me a little already.

Take me a few years back. I always had the bone structure and the body weight. Picture a 6'2" frame at 200 pounds with good mass and big strong bones. But the superstructure is just the start. God saying "I've given you this much, you take it from there." In case you were wondering, the bullcock and stones compliment each other for size and weight, and the rest of me just has to catch up with them. So there I was, this embryo, needing to develop the physique and the attitude; to give it the sunlight and water to grow. And that's meant sacrifice and discipline. I love those two words. Single-minded purpose. Take that embryo and start to work on it. Get down in your mind and push through all the trivia and useless energy and channel it into one thing.

Hell, I've been in touch with my so called higher functions long enough. Searching for the spring within the spring, keeping current on the ways and waywardness of the world, prolongeing metaphysical raps and the interchange of aesthetic ideas; intense verbal interactions. Like giving my angel side its due and totally blocking out my animal side.

There's one hell of a man-beast that lives in me; it's just as valid and its need to become manifest is becoming beer-piss clear. It was Brad, loving fucker, that put me in touch with it.

I first ran into Brad at the gym, a dirty kind of a place; but serious. I, straining with the 250 barbell on the bench and he comes into view on my left, hard-daddy pecs pumped up with thick blood-fed muscleman energy. Sweaty, hairy-thatched manpec straining at his dirty tanktop, and he says slow and commanding, "Do it, dude." And he looks me in the eye. Just those few words and the way they're said hit me in the gut, and only later it strikes me that it was the beast god in him talking to the suppressed beast god in me and I knock out that rep and another after that, and another. And then I start to stick and he just gently flexes one studpec and my adrenalin starts to flow and I get that bar up and start to put it back on the stand, and he say "Don't do it man," and his beast essence talks to me and I hesitate and catch his eye and, oh God, can I, can I? The bar hits my chest and inches up and I realize fast that I've got to gather up that reservoir of male force and can I? And the fucking weight sticks and just as I despair, he puts one finger on the bar and he makes me work for it, and if I can only get in touch with it I can make it. And I try and I feel the flow ebbing and the fucking weight starts to go down. Oh shit, if I fail this master, and he comes around fast, muscleman legs over me and daddy-crotch over me and he raises the barbell up and onto the rest. I get up all chocked up with animal heat and rage that I failed the challenge from this strange man-god.

Like I said from the start, Brad knows me well, and he doesn't squander words. He just says "Don't shower, get your gear and come with me." I hesitate until I catch his eye again, and I do what any man would do. I take that fucker's challenge, and we stomp out of that gym together.

Then, there we are in his cell, one rightous cellar setup with the mirrors, track lights and heavy wooden beams all placed just so. He raps at me quick and hard. He tells me what I have to do to get where I want to go and how I can get to the bottom line of my animal soul and all the time he's throwing this at me he oils himself up and allows me to caress his manpec and drink in his stud physique and suddenly he stops. And in a deep serious voice he tells me of the posedown. He tells me of the pain and joy of pushing the goal just a little further each time. And for him, it was the most desired of all male fantasy. Only it was real.

Brad stands victorious on the stage. The audience roars and shouts its praise. For a timeless space all eyes have feasted on his musclemass, and he has flaunted his male power to every manstud in the place. The spotlights were hot upon him as he walked out on stage and the initial gasps were followed by blatent whistles. With deliberate slowness he placed himself on the posing platform and let the crowd study him in repose for an awesome 20 seconds of silence before his music began. His physique and his attitude in repose promised the anticipation of the expectant crowd would be rewarded full measure. His beginning movements are smooth, deliberate, sure and manly. He concentrates on one area at a time, tighten pectorals and ripples them alternately, feeling the blood tighten the striated flesh. He suddenly expands his manchest to the limit showing his pride and verility, getting off on the vibrant weight and response of each muscle group as he brings it into play.

In the front part of the auditorium, unofficially reserved for those men who truly appreciate what they behold, he sees several musclemen silently appraising his cut-up mass; their look combines silent admiration and unmistakable encouragement for him to display the hours of agony in the gym for them alone. His eyes are drawn briefly to a blond giant in workman's coveralls and long-sleeved velour shirt, staring at him with the kind of intensity that can only say, "You fucking beauty studbeast, give it all you fucking got." This whole communication passes between eyes. It's man communicating to man. The women in the place may be tripping, but Brad knows that every man in the place is going to throw back all the male muscle attitude he musters up for them. And his blond mentor most of all. A stellar charge of energy wells up from within his gut and, though his posing remains controled, the last vestages of 20th century behaviour start to crumble.

Quickly raising his arms above his head he displays his serrated cutup gut full of deep ridges and gleeming with the oil and sweat from his previous exertions. The separation of his legs is complete and his control in bringing calf and thigh into high relief elicits another set of low whistles.

Slow now, build up slow he tells himself. Make our combined manhood work for you.

He can see several dudes shift around in their seats, as their cocks involuntarily seek more space in their pants, and their sacs rise. So he has their adrenalin pumping too, and that makes his blood start to flow even faster. The blond giant remains statue-still and doesn't take his eyes from Brad's eyes for an instant. Their intercommunication becomes personal and intense to the point where their souls touch. It takes hard effort for Brad to keep the judges in mind.

He deliberately brings his arms halfway down to a front biceps pose and lets the men in his life go popeyed over the mass of his biceps and the control he shows in peaking them, relaxing, and peaking them again. He lets his pride and satisfaction show, giving a half sneer as he checks out one arm, then the other. He swings easily into a back shot, sure of his light, clenching the packed-on muscle, and alternating it with a lat spread, going back to a back clench, and the seats in the place creak as the muscle studs shift again, living through him the essence of their own manhood. He turns back to face them and his eyes say "This is for all true men. This is to acknowledge your worship." Throwing his shoulders back and expanding his manchest out and out and the men shout and the flashbulbs pop and he lets his arms drop to his side as he ripples his pecs, tightens his gut and, sneering, ripples his pecs alternately, letting his pride and attitude show and losing himself in the majesty of his own verile beauty. He no longer looks

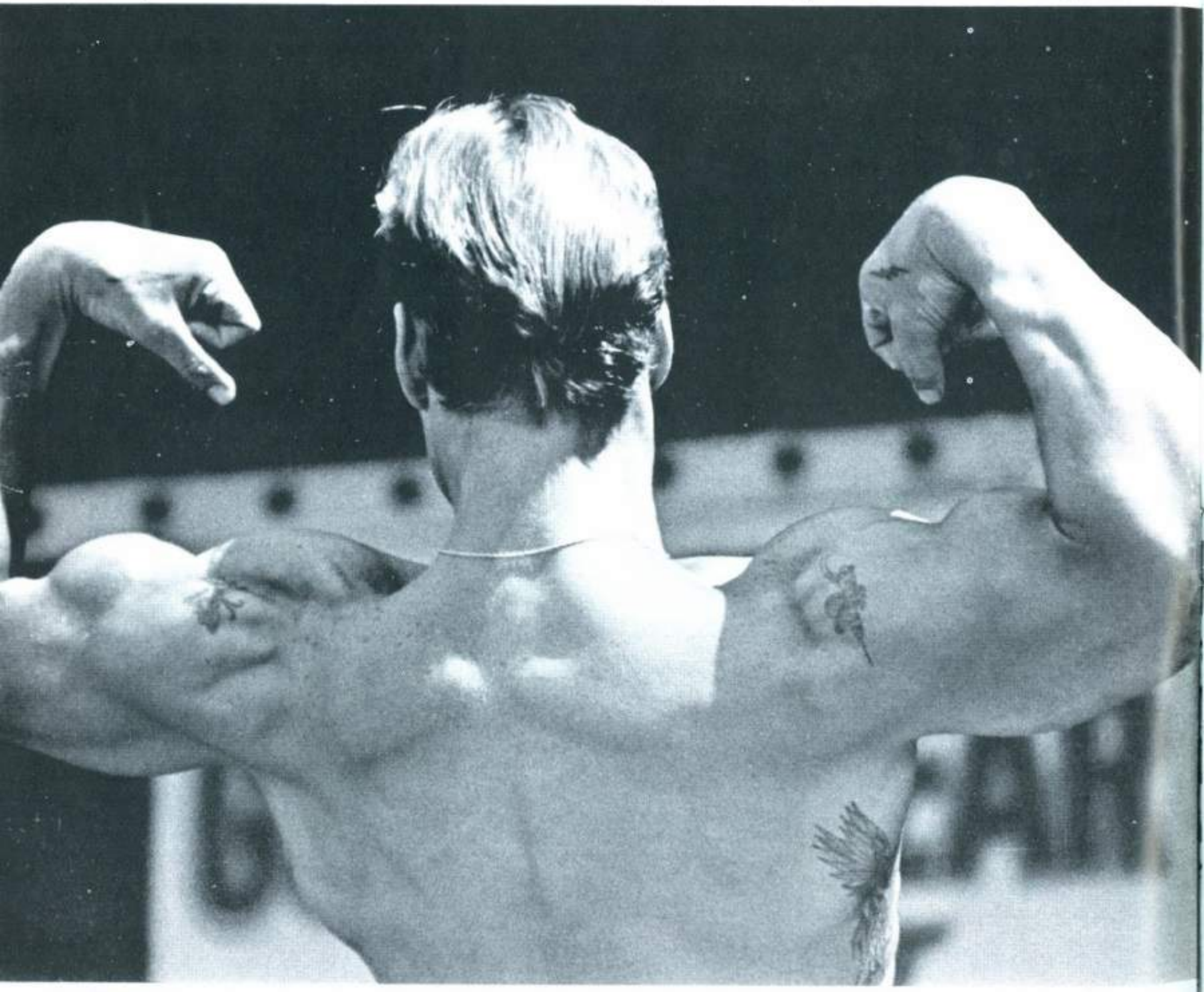
Opposite page: Don, contestant in the 1979 Mr. California Contest. Photo by Wade.

at his blond mentor, because he knews that they both can taste the essence of being that they share.

He maintains his control, but allows his posing to build and become more sexual as the animal in him comes to the fore. This triggers the men up front to groan and whistle and he throws his whole being into acknowledging their rampant praise. His sneer of proud contempt goes hand in hand with his crabbed chest, and he finds it necessary to ease up for a moment. He will not allow these men to climax until he has worked himself up. He is in command and he commands. His relaxed body throws off an occasional ripple, just to let them eat up his heavy pecs, his hard brown nipples taut with the anticipation of a blond stud fucker to work on them, his heavy basket straining against the chamois of his briefs. Sweat streams off the chest and back and he stifles the urge to burrow his face into his pit to savor the maleness that he is throwing off. His blond God gives him a quick smile, subtly squaring his shoulders and slightly tensing his chest. "Go to it," this bearded bullchested man is saying and Brad does.

From the lobby it sounds like a gladiator poised for the kill. He teases and provokes their worship and accepts it like the prize beast he is. By releasing the primal beast in him, he has unleashed it in his brothers as well. He is forgetful of any other time or place. He sweeps from one pose to another so sure of his male muscularity that his contempt for his worshippers drives them to a frenzy of animal sounds. It's just him and his brothers and his stud God. Brad lets their energy surge through his gut, and it is as if their vibes are playing his physique and he yields his instrument to their will, showing all of them what the quintessence of their combined attitude can do. Suddenly Brad knows the time has come; he raises both arms and slowly turns from side to side letting the crowd drench him with glory, a standing ovation from every stud in the place. Total chaos for the next few minutes. Except from the blond giant. He stands along with the others, arms at his sides; his eyes still latched into Brad's soul. Brad is oblivious of the conferring judges; he knows the trophy is his. And he will do what any man would do, he accepts the challenge from these ice blue eyes.

Some backstage buddies crowd around him, embracing him with sweaty, chest-grinding buddy hugs, the solid sound of back slapping, his own heavy breathing coming back to normal. Pretty dark-haired Sandy hands him the trophy and her sensual perfume snaps his mind back to what needs to be done. It puts the scent of man back in his nostrils. He shakes loose his buddies and steps to the mike. After a brief thank-you speech, what he says next stops the audience cold. "Having put myself through the kind of hell that some of you out



there know, I can only accept this symbol of excellence, from you – my true judges." Brad pauses for effect, and the effect is great, "I challenge any man in the place to a posedown for my title and my trophy." This he says with chest expanded and arms in an open flexed embrace that displays his studliness to everyone.

The crwod goes wild with shouts, claps, whistles and deep buddy-pain groans at the sheer male audacity of this stud challenging the judges along with everyone else. The judges confer and signal NO. The audience goes savage mad and demand YES. And they keep demanding. Picture this arena of barely-caged male energy, gut shouts that must be appeased. Brad stands aside, arms hanging at his sides, fists clenching and unclenching. Finally, one judge steps to the mike, "We agree that the champion's request is unusual, and this has never been done, but seeing that this is his trophy, we will bow to his wishes. Of course, we *do* need a man to challenge the champ. So if there is a man who is up to it here, let him show himself."

The cheering accolade gradually subsided to individual shouts of "Hey Hank, go do it, you can show him" or "Go Tom, give that stud fucker a run for it." Playful buddy shoving and back slapping around the auditorium, while Brad stood on stage so sure and studly and full of male-juice and eager for anyone to feed his ambition. Then over the sound of the men comes a strong baritone "I challenge, I challenge," and the blond giant strides over to the stairs, one fist clenched and raised with a final "I challenge."

An intake of breath. Stone silence. He mounts to the stage with head high, looking neither right nor left. They can only see that he fills out his velour shirt and coveralls admirably, as he confers with the judges and then moves off stage to prepare himself. Brad signals acceptance, keeping his face calm and impassive, even while his hot innards are in a turmoil of apprehension and fantastic anticipation. He exits the other side of the stage to wind down a bit and psych up for the greatest show on earth.

The backstage ritual begins as the one is rubbed down by loving buddy hands and the cramps massaged out; the challenger is stroked by strong sure hands, slapping thick portions of oil over his godlike development. Out front the anticipation is building and the questions being asked "Who is that fucker, never seen him before?" Opinions range back and forth, but no one had seen Bart in the raw.

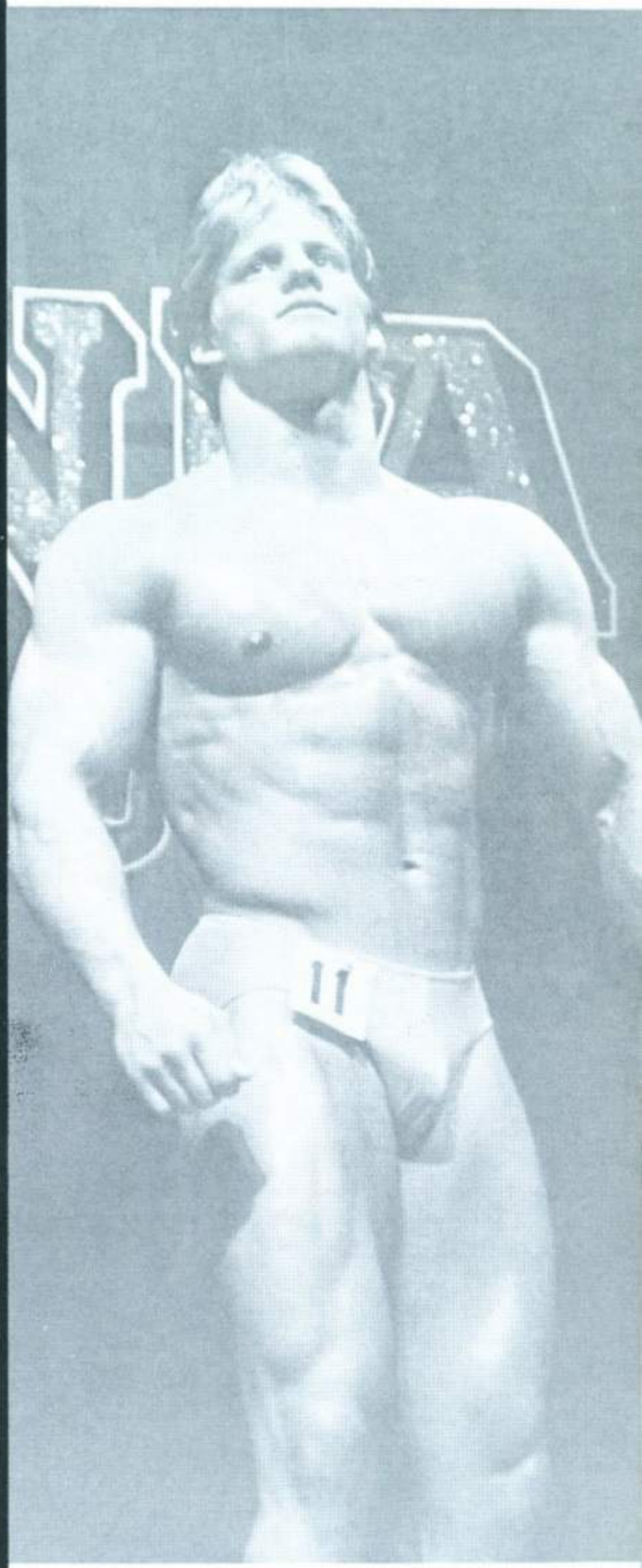
Then spotlights are on and Brad struts out again. Opposite him Bart moves towards the platform. Each carries an internal fantasy few in the audience can guess.

Bart, striated slabs of vibrant beef from sternum to clavicle and burgeoning into meat-packed shoulders. Veined muscle, heavy biceps straining against fair skin, blood suffused to muscle popping relief. And the supreme arrogance of it, rich thick chest hair thatched over a magnificent muscleheavy pair of pecs, hair jet-black in contrast to his fair blond hair, revealing big red-brown nipples already erect from the backstage buddy oil up. Hair stopping sharply above his striated gut. He's 6'2", maybe 230 pounds and moves in what seems to many a ponderous manner. With total unconcern for Brad or the audience, he completes his toilet with a big bottle of oil. Into his own space, revving up his gut-centered engines, slapping fists full of oil over thick pecs, matting down the rich-smelling hair, caressing his pecs, letting his big hands slide down his belly then back up over his pecs, shoulder and finally down his arm. Working himself up then shaking his whole frame, letting the muscle tissue have its final moment of relaxation before he gets down to the bottom line.

Brad stands, hands on hips, taking in the measure of his challenger, his face a mask, his mind a kaliediscope of images strong and sensual. The challenger is so hairy that from his chest and forearms and calves it's hard to tell if his definition is Brad's equal. His gut is hard and his animal attitude is the obvious match of any man.

Brad advances towards this beast of manstud beauty, burgeoning basket and gold stash fading into jet black beard, level blue eyes that stare back. Brad feels his gut and sac tighten and his nipples inadvertently harden at the sight and the thought of that full red-hot mouth covering them, munching their way up his own heavy pecs.

Each man takes the measure of the other during a slow thoughtful handclasp of comraderie, and each has the hint of a smile. The crowd goes wild. They quickly release hands, but



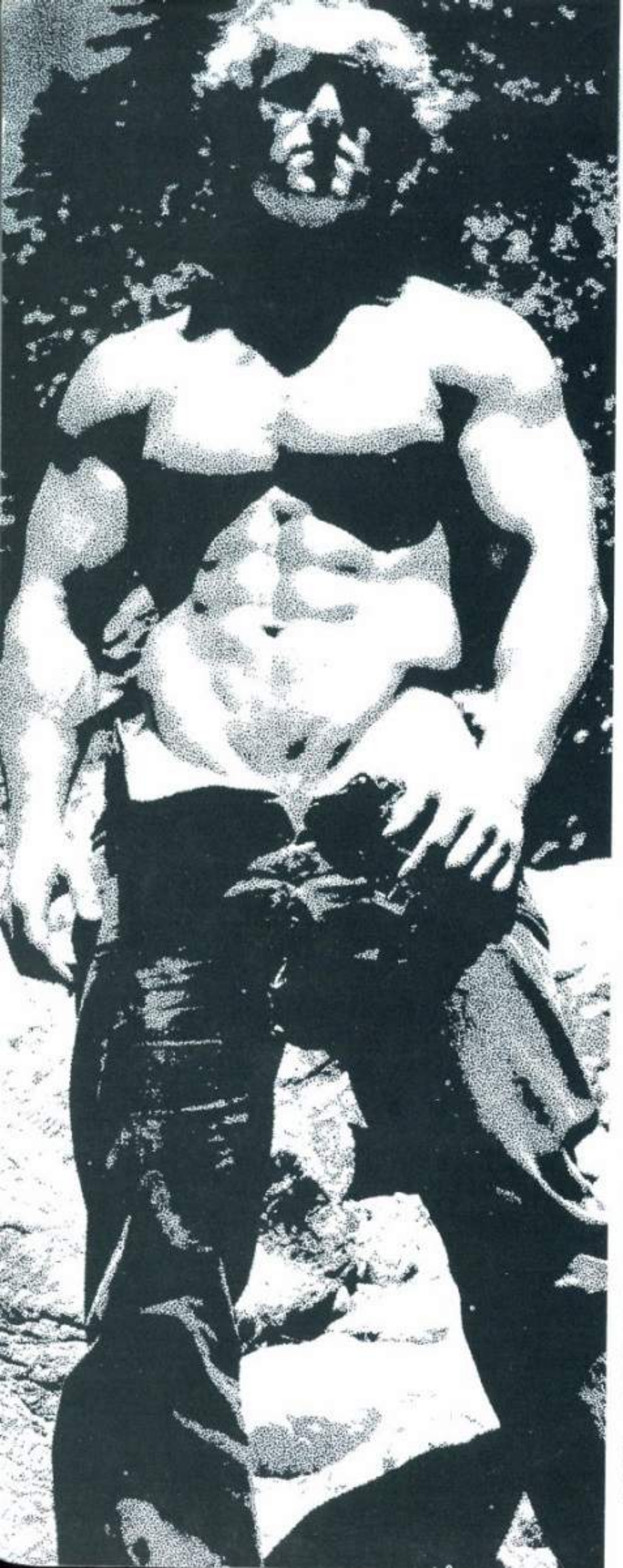


Photo by David Carter

the pressure of paw in paw has told each of them a lot, both in deadly serious challenge and in the male get-down-brotherhood and the God-damn-you-are-wrothy-of-me-you-bullstud-fucker-and-Christ-I-Love-you-for-it. The crowd was suddenly religiously silent; the rite of pure male worship is about to commence. The MC amkes a brief statement regarding Bart and Brad, wishing each man to do his best. They hardly hear him, they are both so far gone. The men below don't realize that they have remained standing, legs tense and fists clenched. Each is picturing himself up there confronted with the animal gods they behold.

Now the champions avoid each others eyes, and this makes intensely evident the deep rich awareness they have of each others presence. Each is expanding his own psychic space, and as they shake their magnificent frames, trying to shed the excess nervous energy, an involuntary deep male sound emanates from hundreds of deep-chested barbell slaves, CHP patrollers, wrestling buddies, longshoremen, bikers, fisters and stalwart lumbermen.

Bart Chandler begins with arrogant mansure movements, arms at sides and presenting himself as if he were slowly working out the kinks in his armor. It's subtle and unconcerned and just as he builds it up a little, the sound of his breathing mixes with that of every stud spectator. Raising his head up, thickly chorded neck and legs in high defined relief, he begins to mind-fuck his audience with the deliberate play of leg muscle, slowly bringing one arm behind him and raising the other arm up, stretching the muscle-thick bicep and finger pointing up and, churning and crunching his gut to a relief that makes eyes pop out like a stud being fisted to his drugged limit. His eyes slowly close and his mouth opens, strong white teeth clenched as he would look trying to hold an orgasm back. He holds this powerfully constrained pose until the cramps start to reach that loving level of pain-pump threshold, and then quickly shakes down, strutting to side stage and giving Brad the center light.

Brad has been standing in shadow, legs apart and hands at his sides, breathing slow, hearing the crowd's verbal ejaculations and feeling in his stones the bullgod energy emanating from Bart's exertions. His Zen concentration is total. Total. Without actually seeing Bart and his devotion, he feels the energy lower slightly and knows that his time has come.

Brad centers his frame in the light and without warning raises savage blazing beast eyes to the awestruck fickle worshippers. White hot snarling anger churns in his gut and his mind envisions his opponent's view of the supreme being. It's not precisely clear when he starts to rock back and forth, arms slowly swing and muscle mass flexing involuntarily. He is the quintessense of refined savagery. He is at an inner space where he and his brother are willing to sacrifice all energy reserves in loving combat and that thought alone drives him with an intense manly joy that radiates from the smile of life as he builds himself to a series of movements starting out fast and then slowing down as the final locked-in crunch reaches the climax of manly perfection. A quick shakedown. A deafening sound from below, and he yields the stage again to Bart.

The bond being forged between the antagonists on stage and the men below becomes forgetful of who wins. With the male attitude flying, you can taste the savage rampant sexuality that pervades the place. The men below clutch their arms and cup their pecs, each measuring in their minds how

they compare with the stud stamina being acted out for them.

Brad decides that it's time for a close-up buddy comparison and struts in to join up with Bart's routine to the mad enthusiasm of the crowd. Clenched arms and packed-on leg muscle dances in combination with crabbed-up chest, one minute borad and cocksure, the next refined with the slightest variation in gut-crunching. They are two bodies with one bond, provoking and feeding with all the life-force they can muster.

The will to win the lion's share of worship is there. And they both want those fuckers out there to know how they feel about what they are doing to each other.

From out front the madness is total. They see the combatants circle each other like the animals they are, gleaming with sweat and oil, offering themselves up to the acclamation and throwing it all back. Bart savagely gathering and working up his display to such a pitch of sustained tension that he's forgetful he's a man at all. Both have totally lost control of their humanity, their primevil hostility makes them move in ways that conventional muscle champions just do not attain. They have revved up the rocks of everyone to a fever pitch; if one were to ejaculate there on stage the whole place would understand. They are practically touching, legs cramped and packed on muscularity straining beyond what sane control could muster. The place is suddenly growing silent as they muscle down to the death. Poses traded off with rapid savagery, working in close, trembling with fatigue, their pain and desperation showing in the agony welling up from deep within.

Finally, the muscular and sexual tension snaps and as they catch each others eye, they just crack-up like the stud fuck-buddy brothers they realize they have become. They could not put themselves through this rite and not realize that. Brad's look says "Goddamn, I've found my master and my match," and Bart stumbles in for a close heartfelt buddy hug of pure male joy and pride at what they have both accomplished. Their pectoral armor crunches together in a manly embrace that is heedless about time and place and their laughter grows as they try to regain control in a last series of trade-off poses. Their deep manchest clinch of oneness has sent the crowd over the line to foot-stomping clapping shouting madness. And still, they are not ready. Brad picks up his trophy and, squarely stanced, concentrates the very last of his selfhood to tearing the thing into halves. Stone silence again and Bart looks and the energy is pouring into him, veins popping out from the tension to where blood flows from his nose, down his chin and over his chest. He keeps the pressure up as a whimper of terrible pain escapes his clenched teeth. The elaborate bronze trophy starts to crack, and he gathers himself for the climax of his life as it comes apart. He stumbles into Bart's loving arms and almost passes out as he shoves half of his hard-earned glory into Bart's massive chest. They both manage to raise the halves of the trophy upward, arms trembling and sobs of estatic joy welling up and out to the stunned reverence of everyone.

Naturally, I have been listening in awed silence to this all, snorting and toking and whipping my bullcock for all the punishment it was worth. My body was exhausted from repeated ejaculations and my mind was numb and I saw clearly before me the road I must take. I had to keep saying that the being before me was only a man and take it from there. And by all the saints in hell, I will.

BOUND AND GAGGED

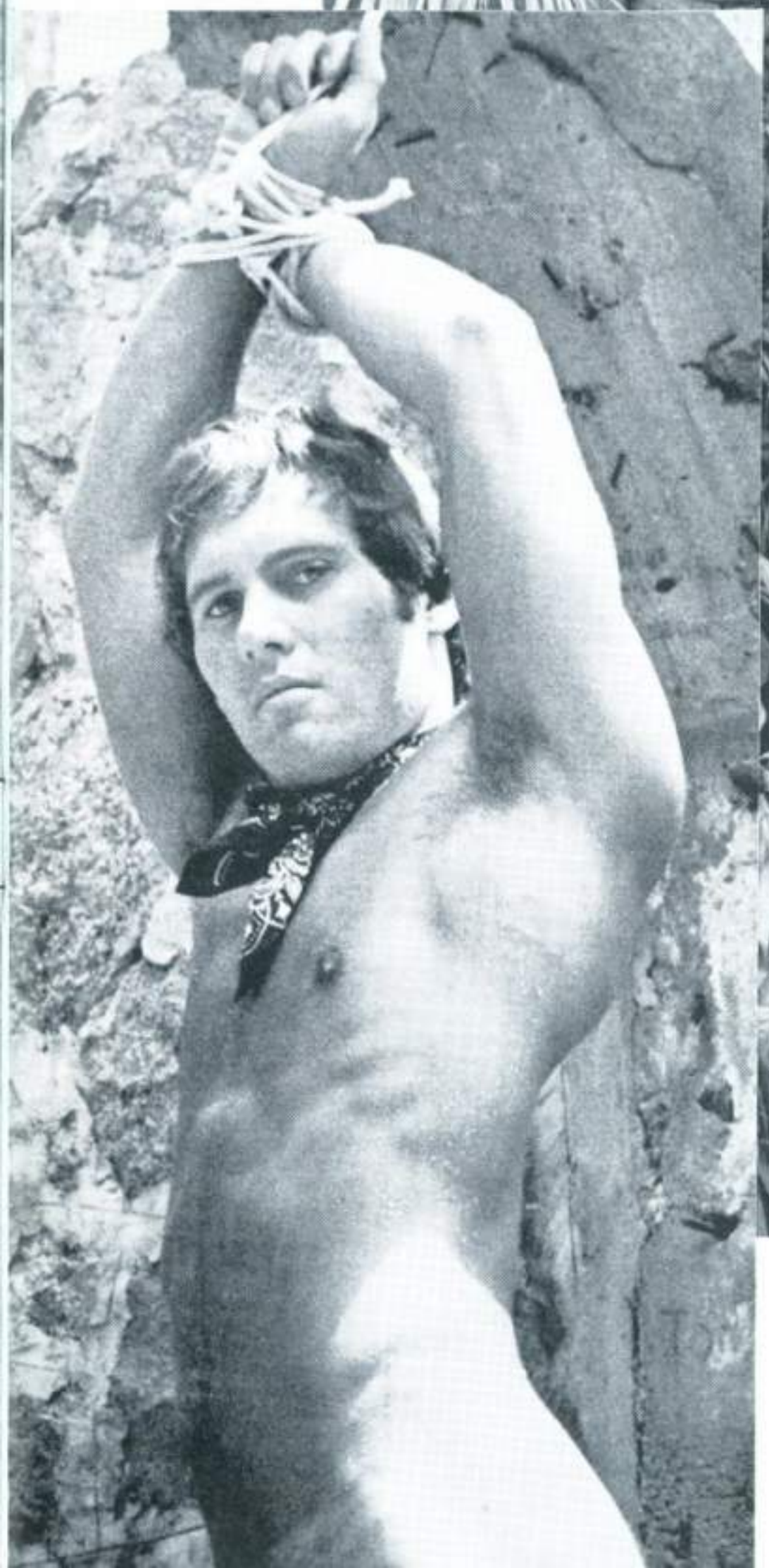
Ropes. Thongs. Chains. The sure, steady cinch of steel handcuffs. Applied with affection, through hostility, in anticipation of things to come. The bite of sun-dry leather tightening and binding against tanned, exposed skin. Hands tied behind the back, against the stomach, to the rails of a rough-hewn fourposter in an abandoned attic bedroom. Shackled to the limbs of a tree. Spreadeagle and staked to buried posts. Tied by nylon cord to the base of an unflushed, overflowing toilet in a leather bar on the New York waterfront or south of San Francisco's slot. Regardless.

Loose. Tight. Secure. The bottom line is bound, immobile, with or without a gag. Able to cry out at the slight flick of whip on exposed skin or unable to vent deep-chested cries of agony. Bound, regardless.

PHOTOS BY ZEUS

Chains. Ropes. Thongs. The ice cold grip of regulation handcuffs. Bound immobile for whatever consequences providence provides. Bound for destiny. Perhaps even bound for life. One thing is certain, when you've allowed yourself the attitude that being bound requires; have let the inner restraints go slack; succumb to the temptation of the locksmith's sensibilities — you have stepped across a gorge that separates the men from the pretenders. Only a man in complete control of his sexual necessities can submit to a man who would control them. Anyone else would bow out and at the first smell of restraint. And the man who surrenders his control can expect this: To be bound up in a sexual sea of possibilities. And the man who binds another can expect to be given perhaps only a temporal responsibility over the deepest sensual currents of his captive.

Bound. Freedom that is the absolute lack of freedom.



PHONE PHUCK

BY JACK PRESCOTT

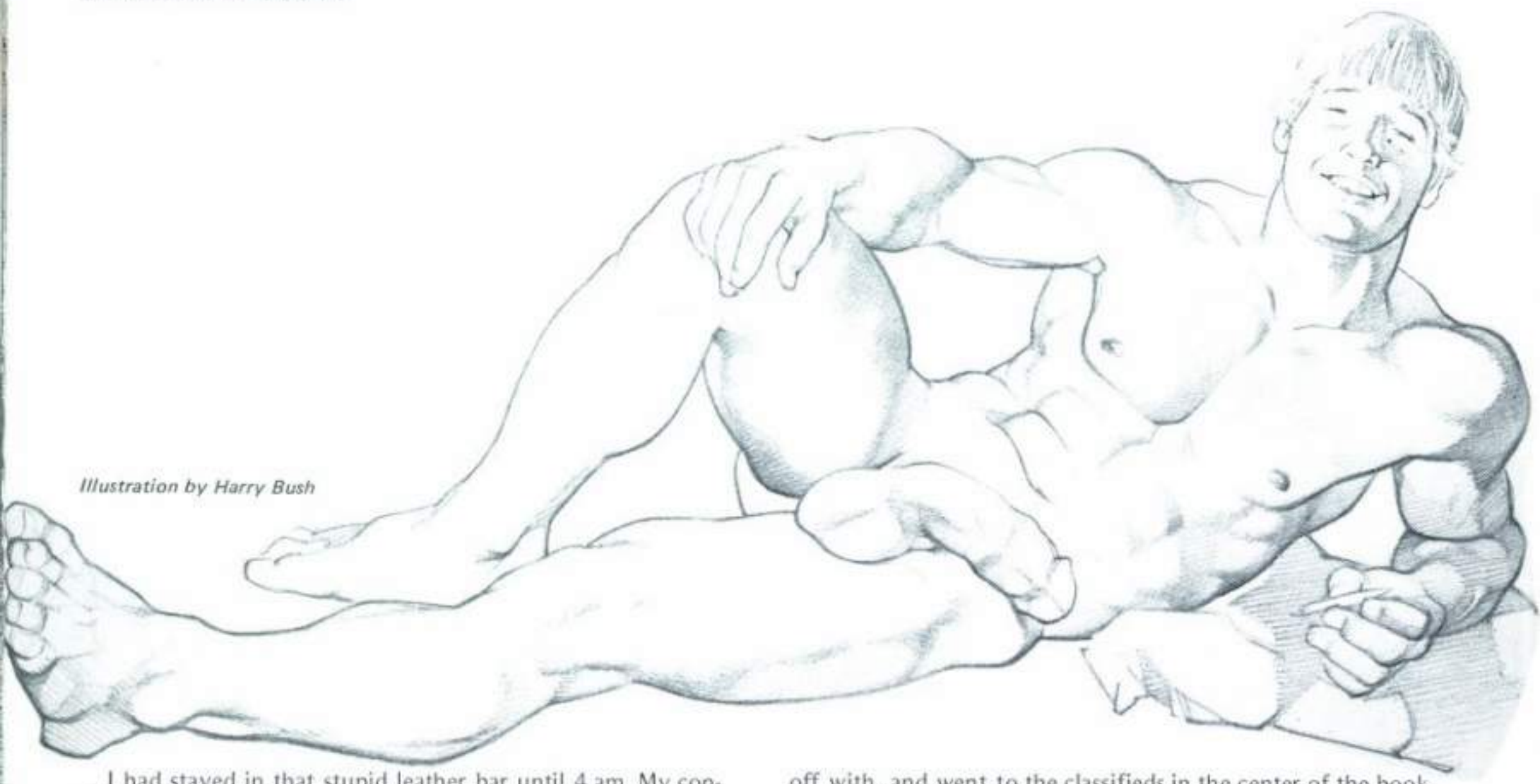


Illustration by Harry Bush

I had stayed in that stupid leather bar until 4 am. My continuing dreams of finding a top man to finally live out the growing fantasies of submission I had been having had evaporated in an ocean of cheap, over-priced beer. This morning, wanting to wake up beside a newfound gladiator, I found myself alone and very hungover. This shit was going to have to stop.

I had had very little experience with the whole scene. And that little had mainly been as a top. I'm over six foot, have a nice enough body and a good face; whenever I did meet anyone who was into leather or S&M, they wanted *me* to play top. That was usually okay, but recently, I was spending too much time looking at men bigger than I, and thinking about them, dreaming about them, wanting to find out just what this whole thing was about. So I had started to wander down to the other end of Christopher Street from the bars that I was used to going to and went into the places that were supposed to be very hot and heavy. No luck.

In those couple months I had met more stock brokers and florists than I had in the previous ten years. There had to be a better way.

And there was. I knew it, but didn't want to acknowledge it. I could answer one of the ads in the personals of one of the gay magazines. I spent hours reading through the columns of offers and pleas and commands. I would sit and get hard just thinking about some of the ads. But, I'd always talk myself out of it. I tried to convince myself that all the physical descriptions were lies. Anyone who said that they were 35 was sure to turn out to be 55. And anyone who said he was hung probably had a poor excuse for a love dart where his cock should be. But, I did get hard thinking about them.

This hangover finally made the decision for me. I had to try to find someone. The bars weren't going to work. I was terrible at picking people up on the street. I had to try answering an ad.

I picked up a copy of *Drummer* that I had bought to jerk off with, and went to the classifieds in the center of the book. My eyes scanned the columns under New York. And there it was! There was no question. This one was it!

Tall attractive well built master, early 30's, 6'3", blond, seeks slave. You should be willing to submit to a take charge man. Humiliation, w/s, B&D, control are all expected from a tall, well built male who will follow a real topman's orders.

Who knows just what words in an ad like that stick out and *make* you pay attention? He was even taller than me; that was far out. He said he had a well built body; fabulous, if it was true. But, the control and the humiliation, that was what really did me in. I put the magazine down on my growing crotch and thought about following a real master's orders. Wondering what it would feel like, what he would command me to do. Wondering if I could follow through. Could I lick his boots? Could I really drink his piss whenever he told me to, not just when I was in the mood? And what if he just called me up on a day I didn't feel like it, and just flat out told me to show up at his apartment? Could I follow his command and go right over? Could I just strip as soon as I entered his apartment? Just suck his cock that easily? And just leave, just because that was all he wanted?

The hard rod pushing up from my crotch into my pants was the perfect answer.

I took a pen in hand and got a piece of paper. I was more nervous about writing this stranger who was only a box number to me than I had been about anything in a long, long time. How should I word it? What did I want to say? How much could I risk?

Dear Sir:

I am 33, 6', 175 lbs., not bad looking, have a fairly nice body; brown, thinning hair, a moustache. I'm uncut.

Sir, I would like to apply for the position of slave that you advertised in DRUMMER. I am a very submissive person who is in need of a master.

I would enjoy following your orders, sir.

If you would be willing to give me a try, I would very much appreciate a chance, sir. I do not have a home phone. Could you please write me if you find my application acceptable?

Was it okay to be that submissive? I was almost shaking as I read the letter over. Would I have the courage to send it? What if I was inviting him to go too far? What if I was overstating what I would be willing to do? Was I really ready?

The shaking wouldn't stop. I nearly beat off right then and there. But, no, if I did that, I'd talk myself out of it. I'd find a rationalization. I had to do it now! I grabbed my coat and went out and mailed the damned thing. Now or never.

It only took three days for a response to come. Three days of intense masturbation sessions as I kept thinking about this man who I had written to. I kept fantasizing on what his body would look like, what his voice would sound like.

And there was the envelope in my mail box; I recognized the return address. I went upstairs; the shakes were coming back. I tried to calm down. I placed the letter, unopened on the table and went to the refrigerator and got a beer. Anything to soothe my nerves. I pulled off the tab on the can and went over to the table. I sat down and almost ritualistically opened this, the first letter from my master.

Dear slave:

I received your letter asking me to be your master. It's submissive tone was a turn on. I am a take charge guy who needs a good bottom to meet the demands I have. I am very hot and if you are willing and able – and if I choose you – you'll have a lot on your hands!

I want you to call the telephone number on the top of the letter. I see no reason for you not to start appropriately. I want you to say "This is slave John, sir." I'll take it from there.

I need a good bottom now. I'll want to check you out soon. I expect you to call if you're willing to go through the first session.

The first time I see you, I will expect you to fall on your knees and kiss my boots. I do not expect to hear you talk until you have been given permission.

I will then command you to strip for me. You will be expected to dance, to lick my cock, to beg to get fucked, you will do anything I order, no matter how humiliating it may sound to you. If you are willing and if you want to follow these orders, your training will go on from here.

I am 6'3", have blond hair, a smooth, well-built body, I like leather and levis a lot. I am a real topman. I take the whole scene VERY seriously and I will expect you to as well.

Your new master,
Nick

My cock was throbbing by the time I finished reading the letter. I could taste the leather on his boots, cold from the chill winter night outside. I could hear myself begging for his cock to be shoved up my ass. I pictured myself on my knees. Dancing? He wanted me to dance for him! That sounded like some Arab sheik watching the slave brought in, knowing that when the dance was finished that the slave would be his for the night.

I didn't know about my dancing; I sure knew about that fantasy!

Once I had flashed on all those scenes, I knew I would have to follow through. I grabbed my coat and went out into the night. It was freezing cold and the only nearby phone was on the corner, exposed to the wind. I went to it and put the dime in, I dialed his number.

"I'm not at home right now, but I do want to get back to you. Leave your name and number and I'll call you as soon as I return. Fair enough?" A recording! All that tension and that worry to get a recording. What should I do? I couldn't turn back now? "Sir, this is slave John, sir. I'm calling as you ordered me to. I will try you again, later this evening, sir."

The words had come out. And they were on tape. He would hear them. I had done it! I had put it all out for him to see. I had called him sir!

I was so turned on by the time that I got back in my apartment my balls were sore. I desperately wanted to beat off, but didn't dare. What if he would want me tonight? I didn't want to come unless I knew that he didn't want me for something. And he had said that he needed a good bottom and that he wanted to check me out soon. I drank a beer. I tried to watch television. I tried to read a book. The pressure in my crotch was driving me to distraction.

I went back out at 8:00 to try to phone him again. Still out. I left another message. When I came home this time, I thought I would go crazy. I had really listened to his voice for the first time. It had been deep and masculine. Almost easy going. That phrase, "fair enough" had a naturalness to it that was sort of casual. I had a picture of him in my mind. I tried to erase it: I didn't want to be too disappointed, and I didn't want to think about him any more. My poor prick couldn't have taken any more stimulation.

I thought some more about his voice. Was it Canadian? I thought I recognized some of the accent. And I thought about his crotch. I thought about being spread out over the floor with him standing over me, his balls tight with turn on, the skin pulling them up with whisps of blond hair covering them. I had to stop! I couldn't torture myself any more.

At 9:30 I called again. Shit! That doddam tape recording. But it sounded so good! That voice was going to drive me to I don't know what. This time I really took a risk. I left my phone number at the office on the tape. "Please, sir, if you don't mind, and if you understand that I'll be sitting right beside some other people, could you call me during the day? I'd very much appreciate it, sir."

What kind of asshole was I becoming? My office, a conservative firm, to say the least, wasn't the place that I should be getting phone calls from my master. Didn't I have any control? Couldn't I wait for a mail reply? I had called him. I had talked to him the way I was supposed to. I had called him sir. Did I really *have* to hear from him that soon?

Yes. I did.

I went home and undressed and got into bed. My cock was rock hard from the phone message. Even the bone chilling temperature outside hadn't calmed it down. I gripped it firmly. I thought about this man I hadn't even seen. What did I really want him to do to me? The image that was turning me on the most clearly was there. I had to fight to keep the fantasy going. It was turning me on, but it scared me. I knew that I wanted to experience being a slave. Of course. And I was wonderfully attracted to the idea of doing things to please someone. That sounds so absurdly simple, but it's true. There was something real about doing things for someone else. Turning him on. I wanted that.

But, I also had the vision. The fantasy of what I really wanted him to do specifically! I wanted to drink his piss. I wanted the warm liquid to go down my throat in long gushing flows. I wanted to kneel in front of him while he sat on the john and to take his soft cock in my mouth and to have him let go right into me. I wanted to smell the odor of his crotch and his open ass. And, I wanted to lick that ass for him. I wanted to take my tongue and go the whole length of his crack with it. I wanted to hit the hole with my mouth and kiss – long and hard – with my lips parting open his sphincter. That's what I wanted. And that's what I was thinking about when my own prick exploded cum all over my belly, soaking me in an orgasm more violent, and more satisfying, than I had had in months.

I suppose that I didn't really expect him to call that next day. I thought maybe I had overstepped myself in asking *him* to call *me*. I hoped that he wouldn't be angry with me for doing that. I went to work that morning and tackled a big project I had to do; thoughts of my master left my mind as facts and figures took over. I wasn't prepared when the phone rang. I just picked it up and answered in a business tone.

"John, this is your master, Nick."

My heart sank and my cock rose in unison. "Yes." There were five middle-aged women around me, all notorious for over-hearing – "on accident" – my phone calls.

"I understand that you can't talk freely. Under the circumstances, I am willing to accept that."

"Thank you." The nearly spoken sir was already a part of my vocabulary. And that voice of his. Dripping masculinity. Wet and heavy with power and sex.

"I received your phone message. I take it you would like to try to be my slave."

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(Continued from page 23)

"Yes."
"What hours do you work?"
"Nine to five."
"And what time could you be free tonight?"

My heart sank. Jesus, I just couldn't do it tonight. I had promised Billy five times that I would work on his writing with him and backed out four times already. "Tonight would be very difficult." At least I hadn't said no!

"I understand that you weren't expecting this call, so I'll accept that you can't see me tonight on such short notice. At least now, before your training has begun." *At least now!*

"Could I see you tomorrow night?" *Oh, please, sir, can't we do it tomorrow?*
"No." Oh, Jesus, I was sweating with anticipation.
"It will have to be Friday. Where do you live?" I explained where my address was – in the East Village.
"Okay. At seven o'clock on Friday. Will you be ready?"
"Oh, yes!" Goddam, the sir really nearly did come out then! Fuck the old biddies!
"Here are my orders. I want you dressed in a tight tank top. I want you wearing a pair of levis and boots – you do have boots?"
"Yes, I have boots."
"As soon as I walk in the door, I want you to fall on your knees and kiss my boots. I want you to kiss them hard. I want you to stay on the floor, on your knees until I tell you to do otherwise. Do you understand?"
Did I? "Yes, I understand."
"That's going to be the beginning, John. Do you have any questions?"
"I, I," I was stuttering. "I don't have a tank top." Stupid ass that I was.
"Well, some other t-shirt." Oh thank God it was okay!! "I'll see you at seven on Friday. And, John, just because you can't speak to me right now, doesn't mean that you're not my slave, does it?"
"NO!"
"You are my slave, John, and I expect you to do the best you can to prove it."
"Yes."
The phone went dead in my ear. I couldn't move for a half hour. My prick was so stiff it had made a balloon out of my slacks. I couldn't even look at the numbers on the pages in front of me, let alone make sense of them. What a fool I'd been! Here I was, supposed to be trying to be someone's slave and the first time he asked for a simple thing – a tank top, for chrissakes – I don't come through. I was embarrassed by my ignorance.
I knew what I would do to try to make up for the whole thing. I had seen the shirts in one of the leather shops over in the West Village. It was a good quality cotton shirt. In big, bold, black letters, it said *SLAVE* right across the chest. I would go out and buy it and hope that he would like it. I couldn't believe that I had decided that. That I, the uptight *WASP* that I was, was willing to go out and buy a t-shirt with that word – *SLAVE* – written over it. Would he make me wear it in public? My head hoped he wouldn't, my cock throbbed more with the hope that he would.
The rest of the day was one of the worst I had had in the place. I couldn't concentrate. I barely talked at all to the other workers. I skipped lunch. I kept thinking about that phone call. The wonder of that phone call!
What had turned me on the most was the restriction. The very fact that I couldn't talk openly. Sure, I wished I could have said sir. I wanted him to hear those words from my own mouth, not from a tape recording. But, me, sitting there with no control of the situation, listening to him give me orders, telling me how to act! And I couldn't respond. It was a kind of bondage. Just being there, freely offering my ear and my attention, only answering in mono-syllables. Jesus, it turned me on.
Friday, though! Shit, three more days of this tension.
Usually, I'm very glad I don't have a phone. I have only a few, very good friends who I see with some regularity; they know I'm at work and can talk to set up a time to get together. That seemed to me, usually, to be all I needed. What would have happened if I had a phone? The person I worked for would be calling me all the time. *All the time.* She was a worrier and one of those people who didn't know that weekends existed, or that someone might not want to talk about figures at 10 pm. I usually was delighted to be without a phone.
But now, I was furious with myself. That phone call would be in my head for the rest of the week. The sounds, the tone, the orders, and the bondage of just listening. I desperately wanted to talk more with him. But about what? The tee shirt? No, that wouldn't do. Too simple, and it would be a much better statement to have bought one and just have it on, with those letters spelling it out just for him.
I somehow made it home that night. My thoughts were so far away from subway stops and changes, that I nearly ended up in Brooklyn. As soon as I got inside, I sat down and reread his letter. "I like leather and levis"!! That was it. That was my reason for calling him again. I had forgotten to tell him that I had leather! Just chaps and a vest, but leather. Would he want me to wear it?
It was really important to me that if I did call, I call with a good reason. I had decided to be as real about this whole scene as I could. I did not want to play games. I didn't want him to think I was a freak who would just be on the phone all the time. But, here was a legit excuse for me to call!
I nearly ran out the door to the corner to dial his number. The recording!
"Sir, this is slave John, sir. I wanted to talk to you about something. I will call later, sir." Hot damn, it felt good to call him sir!
I spent the rest of the night with the television and the books and the magazines, and anything I could think of to get him out of my mind. My master. My man. The man whose piss I would be drinking like communion water. The man whose boots I would be cleaning with my own mouth. The man I wanted more than any other thing I had wanted. Finally, two hours had passed. I went back out. Still the recording. But, even as it was playing out his words to me, I remembered! The boss was out tomorrow. I could talk to him freely in her office, behind a closed door.
"Sir, this is slave John, sir. If you call me at work tomorrow, I will be able to address you with proper respect, sir. If you could call me, please, sir!"
Done. I went to bed. By now I was used to being hard. The good sensation of my skin stretched alone the length of my shaft invited me to conjure up my image of him. Would he wear a jock strap? Would he wear a leather jacket? Would he let me kneel in front of him and gulp down the delicious water from his body? And, again, right in the middle of thinking about the piss, I shot all over myself. And went to sleep, smiling in anticipation of hearing his voice on the phone once more.
The first time, he had called me at ten or so. As soon as the office clock hit ten, I started getting nervous. I kept watch on the office in front of me, making sure no one went in. The minutes crept along. At eleven, I had to leave my desk. There was just no way I could avoid the meeting. I had to attend. I sat through it nervous, agitated, angry at being there. I rushed back to my office at noon. Shit! There it was. He had called. The little universal note paper for messages had it written down, right in front of me – "John . . . Nick called you . . . please call him back." Would he still be there?
I went into the office and closed the door. Through the glass wall I watched secretaries typing away oblivious to the fact that I, their co-worker, was placing a call to my master. Their presence in my sight added to the tension and to the turn on.
The phone rang once, twice. At least that probably meant he was still home.
"Hello." Wonderful! He had answered! And that man's voice filled my head.
"Sir, this is slave John, sir. I'm returning your call as you ordered, sir."
"I take it you could find a way to call me privately."
"Yes, sir. There was someone out from the office today, sir, and I could use her phone."
"Good. It's better that you should be able to address me properly."
Was it appropriate for a slave to offer an opinion? "May I say something, sir?"
"Yes, you may."
"Sir, actually, well, sir . . . it was wonderful when you

called me yesterday, sir. I don't mean any disrespect, but sir I love the sound of your voice, sir . . ."

". .. . that's a good sign."

"And, well, sir, it was so good to hear you, and you sounded so good, and it was . . . well . . . sir . . . it was like you had me in a sort of verbal bondage, sir. I loved not being able to respond to you, sir. It was as if you had me tied up sir." But then I immediately feared I had gone too far.

There was a silence. Then, "I think that's good, John. It shows a good attitude for a beginner. We'll have to work on that attitude some more." My fears vanished. This man knew what he was doing. He knew how to handle me, even me. "Why were you calling?"

"Sir, I went home and re-read your letter. You said you liked leather, sir. I have a pair of leather chaps, sir. I thought you would like to know that."

"Good. I didn't know. Yes, wear them tomorrow night. I want the leather over your levis."

"Yes, sir!" I was excited that he sounded so pleased. I was actually happy I had something he wanted.

"Do you have any more leather?"

"Only a vest, sir."

"Wear that instead of a t-shirt then."

Oh shit! That meant I couldn't go and buy the *SLAVE* shirt for him! "Sir, I was going to buy a tank top."

"Don't bother, you can do that some other time."

"I thought you might like both, sir."

"No." I realized I was pushing it, I had to stop. It was his show, that was the whole thing. "Yes, sir."

"You are in a place you can talk freely, obviously."

"Yes, sir."

"John, I'm looking forward to seeing you tomorrow. I want to know if you remember your orders. What are you going to do when I come in?"

"Sir, I'm going to fall on my knees and stay there, licking and kissing your boots until you tell me to stop, sir."

"That's right, John. You're not to stand up until I tell you to stop. And now, I want you to repeat after me: 'Sir, I am your slave.' "

"Sir, I am your slave."

"I want to serve you."

"I want to serve you."

"I need to serve you."

"I need to serve you." Damn right I did. And right now!

"I'll see you at seven on Friday, John."

"Yes, sir!" And the phone went dead.

I was actually exhausted by the call. I was sweated through my shirt. My stomach was in a knot. I had spoken to him! I had called him sir. And I was going to be his slave!

That night I was alone in the apartment. I was able to read a little more. But, not much. Mainly I thought about the whole process I was going through. I thought about being a slave. I thought about that shirt and this man with the voice while rubbing my crotch through my jeans. I thought about the bar uptown, near when I knew he lived. It had a back room in it. I had been there a while ago. I thought about this tall, well-built man who was my master taking me there. I thought about being dressed in my chaps with my heavy black leather boots and my vest. And under the vest would be the statement for all those people to see; the proof that I was this man's slave. That he owned me. I didn't know fully what that meant to him. I didn't know how he would act. But I thought a lot about it.

I thought about the back room. I had a half dream about someone making fun of my teeshirt and the word "SLAVE" and I thought of how a master would react. He would think nothing of the jibes — he would be beyond caring about some creep's ignorance and stupid statements. But, he'd want to show the guy that *we* took it very seriously. He would tell him that I really was a slave. And he'd prove it. He'd have me hold out my beer can and the guy would feel the warmth of the piss I would be drinking. And, if he felt like it, and if the maybe was good looking, he'd tell him to just take me in the back, that I wouldn't say anything, not a single word, he could just take me in the back and I would follow any orders that were given. He could fuck me or make me suck him off — I was a slave, and it was my position to serve my master and anyone else my master told me to.

And, of course, he would be right.

My cock raged with sex over that day dream. And it lunged forward just thinking about the shirt. Thinking about wearing the shirt proudly. Of my master taking me to a leather bar and showing me off. I was startled. Showing me off! And he wanted someone well built! My body! It was okay. But what if he didn't like the body? It was only 7:30 on a Thursday night. If I hurried I could get to one of the department stores before they all closed. I ran out.

My body really was okay. There are lines on the stomach, and the chest fills out. But my arms were punny. Something had to be done. I had been thinking of a pair of dumb-bells for a long time, and kept putting them off. But now I needed them badly. I would have to pump up these arms for him to get them to look good under a vest.

I just made it before closing. I grabbed a pair of weights and took them home. I punished myself with the iron, pounding furiously at my muscles, trying to get them to fill out. It was going to take a while. But, here it was, a concrete proof that I was going to be his slave and try to please him. It felt very good.

I slept well. I was tired from the work out and the tension of the past few days. Exhausted. But I did dream. And I remember the vivid, straightforward dream I had — I dreamt about my master and the telephone.

I knew that I would recognize that voice anytime. I already had the number memorized. I dreamt about being a good slave. About giving my master pleasure. I dreamt about the piss and the public statement and the reality of doing for someone else's pleasure. And I dreamt about the reward I would get.

In my dream, my master would call me every day at work. In the morning, afternoon, whenever. And he would talk to me. Maybe even jerk off while he told me all the things that I had done well, or would have to do for him. Or, what I hadn't done well for him, and the punishment I was going to receive from him. The very exacting punishment for failing him. I wouldn't let that happen though. I wouldn't fail this man. This master I had waited for for so long. I was going to do the best for him I could. I would do everything I could manage. I would try to let down all the barriers that had been built up.

And, I would get a phone call from him, with that voice coming through the wires, telling me who I was. Telling me all the things I had done to prove my submission. And I wouldn't be able to respond. As effectively as if he had tied me to a wall to whip me, I would have to be bound in silence and just take it however he chose to give it to me.

There was a huge wet stain on my sheets in the morning.

On Friday, work was a total loss. There was no phone call. But my cock still wouldn't go down. It stuck up against the fabric of my pants the whole day. The anticipation was painful.

I hurried out of the office as close to five o'clock as I could. I rushed to the subway and got to the apartment. I live very simply. There was no way to try to impress him with my lifestyle. And why should I? Why should a slave be rich or have a career? That would only interfere with a master, wouldn't it? But, I could set the stage for him.

I pumped up with the new weights. I was ashamed of how little the flesh expanded. I just hadn't taken care of this body enough to prepare it for my master. I was embarrassed. Still, after I had bathed and put on my clothes, I felt terrific! There I was, black leather and skin, clean and ready, waiting for an event I had foolishly longed for without seeking over the years.

The sweating started when I heard the doorbell. I jumped up. The room looked as good as it could: the candles threw just enough light, but not too much. The sheets over the window gave as much privacy from view as possible. The one and only comfortable chair had been moved to the center of the room. That was where he would sit. Where he would be, with me, naked on my knees in front of him, begging for his beautiful cock.

The ring panicked me. I leapt for the buzzer and waited as I heard the footsteps up the stairs. When he got to the landing, I opened the door.

He was handsome. And tall. And well-built.

He walked past me into the apartment. He moved to let me close the door. And I, now, deeply appreciative that he had arrived, fell on my knees and lovingly kissed his cold, wet, rough leather boots.

A slave had met his master.

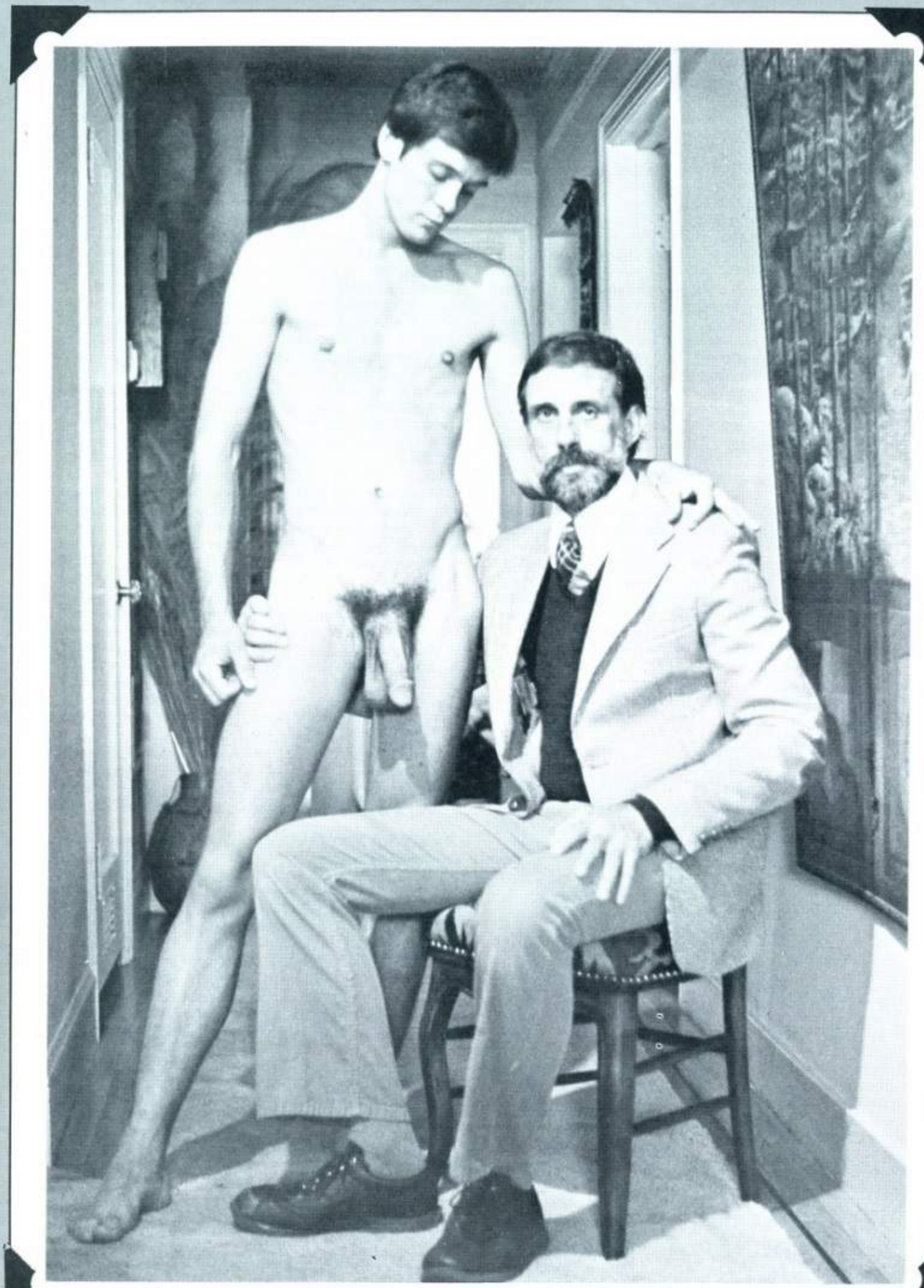


Photo by Wolfgang

My Father, My Lover

as told to T.R. WITOMSKI

I grew up as an only child in a small mid-Western town. When I was eleven, my family was living in a tiny apartment. I slept in an alcove off my parents' bedroom. I remember hearing strange sounds coming from their room. At first I didn't know what was happening, and I didn't pay much attention to it. When I was about thirteen, just in high school, I knew the noises were the sounds of their lovemaking. They'd go at it practically every night and many mornings. They were very loud and I didn't have to strain my ears to listen to them.

Many times in the early evening or on Sunday afternoons, after they'd had a few drinks, my father would tell my mother to go into the bedroom. She always went. I could hear them fucking no matter where I was in the apartment. At first I felt embarrassed and would go outside, but gradually I got used to it and would hang around. I started to get turned on by hearing them.

One night when I was in bed, they were so loud that they kept me awake. For quite a while I'd been curious to see what was going on. This night I decided to get up and peek in on them. This wasn't difficult because there was only a curtain on the doorway. They were in a '69' position and were really getting into it. I kept looking at my mother going up and down on my father's cock. His prick was so long and fat that I couldn't understand how she could take it all in her mouth. They kept sucking each other for a long time. I got a big hardon and started playing with myself.

Finally, my dad took his mouth away from her twat. He told her he was about to come and said to her, "Take it, cunt, I'm going off. Swallow it." While they were fucking she kept begging him to fuck her harder.

A few months later, during dinner, my father grabbed my mother and started feeling her up right in front of me. I guess I must have blushed. My dad said, "I don't know wny you're turning red; you've been getting quite a show almost every night for months." And then he laughed. Even my mother grinned. As they were oing into the bedroom, my father said, "Watch if you want. You might learn something." But that day I didn't. I couldn't believe that they knew I had been spying on them, and I was even more surprised they didn't seem to care.

One day when my mother was at work and I had just gotten home from school, my father and I started talking about sex. "Hell, I bet you never even laid a broad," he said. I admitted I hadn't, and he began to tell me about all the women he'd had. I was quite naive about a lot of what he was saying, but I was interested in hearing him talk like that. Then he said, "You know, two guys can have as much fun as a girl and a guy. Fucking a pussy is okay, but there's nothing like fucking a guy up the ass."

All this was new to me. I could hardly believe what he was telling me. He asked me if I had fooled around with any of my friends. I said that I hadn't, and he said, "Shit, when I was your age, I was stickin' it in any hole I could. You're old enough to be getting some motion."

He asked me if I jacked off a lot and I said yes. He started feeling his meat and suggested we do it together. We took off our clothes, and he started to squeeze his balls and run his hand along his erect shaft. I was going crazy watching him. He told me to do the same thing. I was shy at first because my dick was no where near the size of his huge thing, but I was so fucking hot I quickly got over being shy. We both jerked off. I came first; then he shot his load on his stomach and chest and rubbed it all over himself. His cock stayed stiff even after he had come.

"Now," he said, "we can have some real fun. Let's get into bed." He started to rub my ass. "Christ, I'd really like to get into that virgin ass. You'd be nice and tight." Though it was very exciting to be with him, I was scared because I didn't know what to expect. He put his cock between my legs and started rubbing it against my hole. He told me to relax and that it would hurt at first but that I'd soon get to like it. He put some vaseline on his cock and around my hole. I felt the head of his cock going in and it really hurt. I cried out for him to stop, but he just told me to calm down. He kept pushing further into me and I thought his cock would tear me apart.

"Please, please stop," I said.

"Shut up. You're going to get fucked good whether you want to or not. You might as well get used to it. You'll be getting it often."

He started pumping away, ramming his cock into my guts.

"That feels real good. You like it, don't you? You're a real little queer fairy, aren't you."

He was fucking me so hard and deep I thought I'd faint. He started playing with my cock and we both came within seconds of each other.

After he was finished he laid back and told me to suck his cock clean. I hesitated and he grabbed me and pushed my head down. I licked it clean, but since it was the first time I'd sucked cock, I wasn't too good at it.

"Well," he said, "You've got a lot to learn about sucking a dick, but I'll teach you to be the best cocksucker in town.

Just about every day he'd have me suck his cock. I learned to control my throat muscles and my gag reflex so that I could take the whole thing in my mouth. He liked to fuck my mouth as much as he did my ass and he just went wild when I'd eat his ass out.

When I was about fourteen my parents got divorced. Since my dad and I were lovers now, I stayed with him. We slept together and he fucked me almost every night.

One night he came home with a guy he'd met in a bar. I was asleep, but he woke me up and the three of us got it on. The guy fucked my ass while I sucked my dad off. Then they reversed positions. We saw this guy several times after that, and threesomes with him and later with other guys became a regular part of our sex life. My father was good-looking so he never had trouble picking guys up, especially when he told them he had a hot teenager at home to join in the fun.

My father and I were lovers until I went to college. I knew that it wasn't the average father/son relationship. But I took it in stride. I had two sets of responses toward my father – one as a son, the other as a lover. I kept both roles separate. Likewise my dad had dual responses. He was a good parent who supported me and a horny lover who wanted sex all the time.

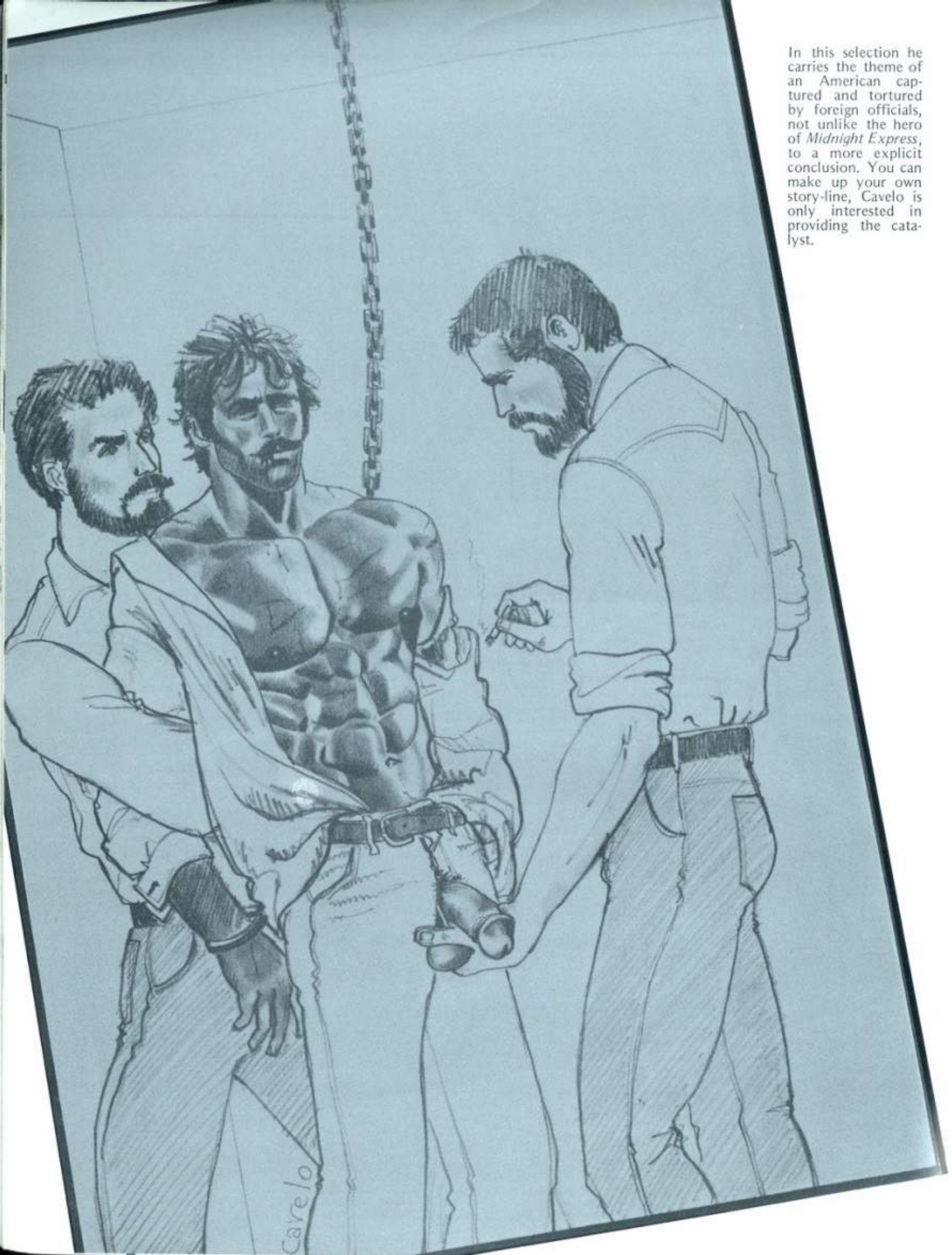
Whenever I came home from college on vacation, my father and I would have sex. But other than our sexual interest in each other, we began to have less and less in common. For five years my father was my friend, my confidante, my advisor, and my lover. It was like living in a dream. I was sorry when it had to end.

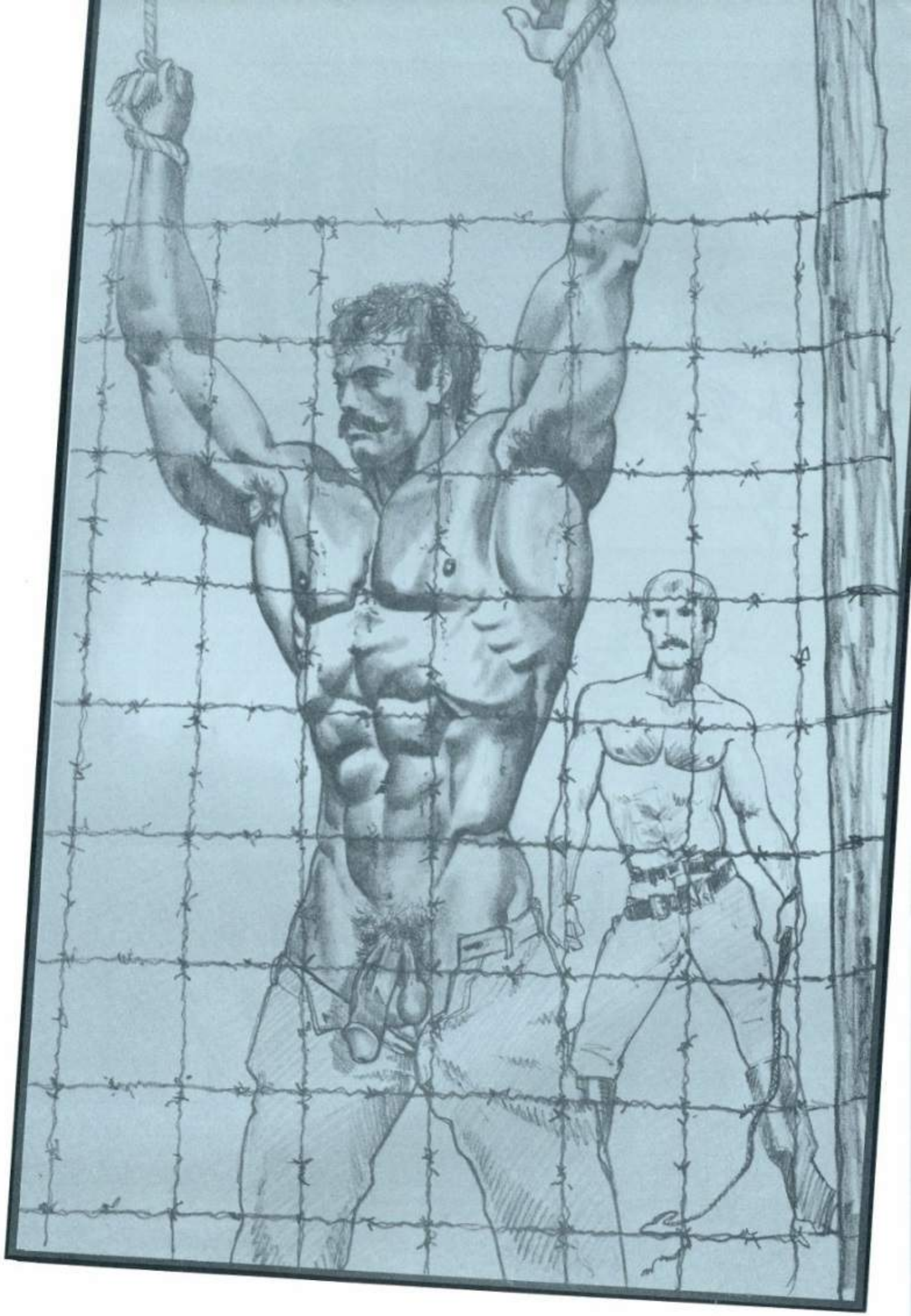
My dad and I both found lovers when I was in my last year of college. Ironically, my lover was a mirror of my father, and his was an image of me. My father and I don't see too much of each other anymore, but whenever we do, we have a go at it – for old time's sake.

CAVELO'S MEN

Cavelo's men come from the mixture of fantasy and reality, firmly lodged in the neuronic world of desire. His inspiration stems from the visual images of the cinema and the fiction of the contemporary world. His style alters with context and desired effect. Each isolated image remains semi-private while sexually accessible through sheer explicitness. His is the stuff of wet dreams and prolonged afternoon jack-off sessions.

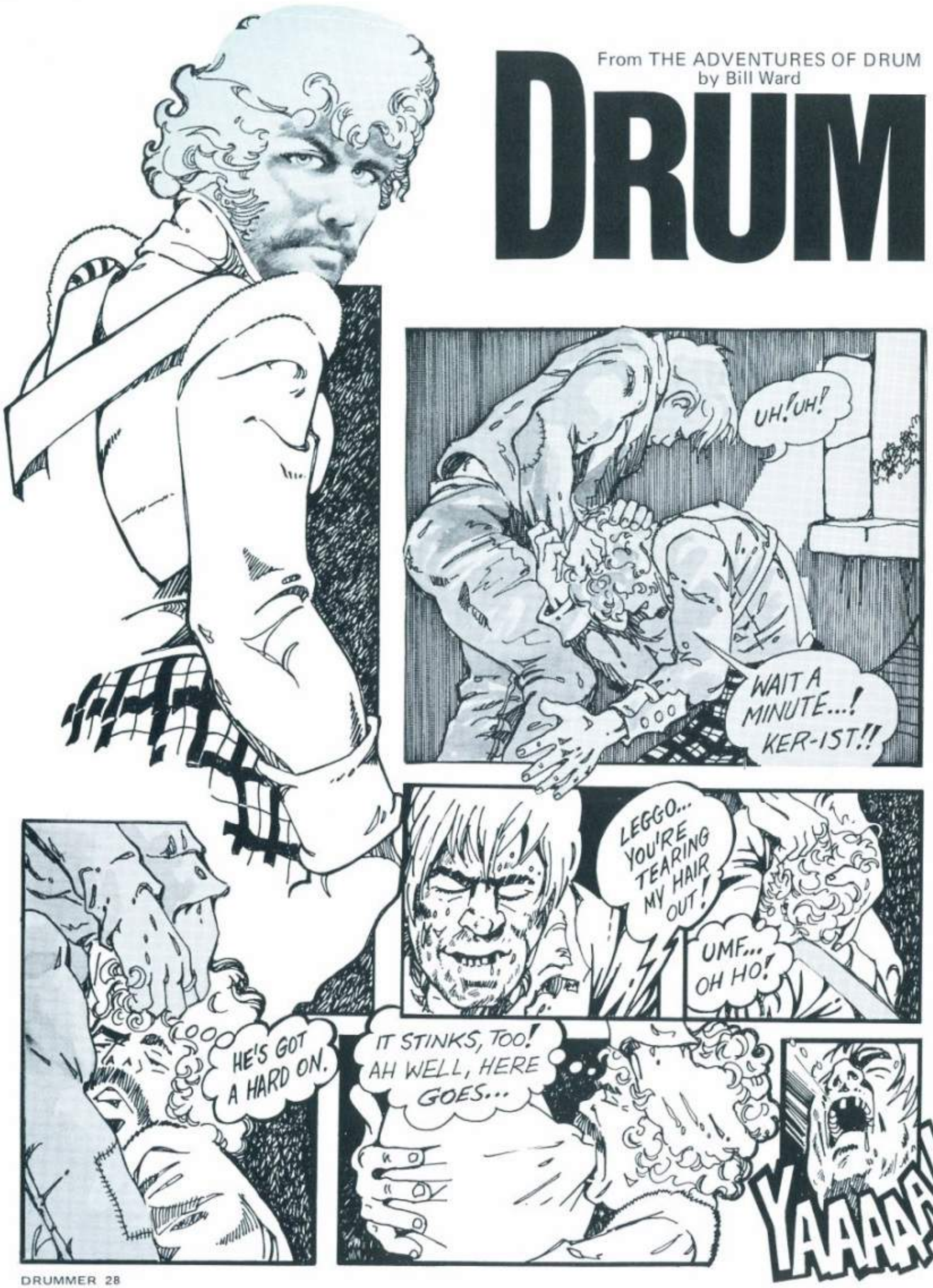
In this selection he carries the theme of an American captured and tortured by foreign officials, not unlike the hero of *Midnight Express*, to a more explicit conclusion. You can make up your own story-line, Cavelo is only interested in providing the catalyst.





From THE ADVENTURES OF DRUM
by Bill Ward

DRUM



OOOOOH!
HAVE I ANY HAIR LEFT?

OUCH! ...THAT HURT!

OUR HERO IS A CAPTIVE OF A DIM FRENCH PEASANT OF SMALL BRAIN BUT HUGE POTENTIAL. TEMPORARILY LEFT ALONE IN A CRUMBLING FARMHOUSE DRUM PONDERS HIS FATE...
OOOO
I HOPE THAT IDIOT HAS HAD ENOUGH FOR THE MOMENT... I KNOW I HAVE!

PUSH OFF, DOG. I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITHOUT YOU ADDING TO THEM!

I HOPE HE'S ONLY GOT THAT BRUTE OUT TO LOOK FOR MY TEETH MARKS!

NOW WHAT'S THE IDIOT DOING? CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF 'ALL COCK AND NO BRAINS! HE /S LOOKING FOR TEETH MARKS!

GOOD GRIEF!

FUCK OFF, DOG!
HERE, BOY. GOOD DOG
CATS! LOOK, ROVER. CATS!
NICE DOG. GO FIND YOUR MASTER.
FETCH! PRINCE... CAESAR NAPOLEON... AW, SHIT!

YOUR NOSE IS COLD!

GERROFF!

BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT BIG PRICK PIERRE COMES BACK FOR SECONDS... OR THIRDS...

BACK TO THE CHATEAU

I MUST NOT BE SEEN IN THIS BRITISH UNIFORM

AH, HERE WE ARE... HOME... IF YOU CAN CALL THE CHATEAU CRACOVIE-EN-BEL-AIR BY THAT HUMBLE NAME. FIRST, SNEAK INTO THE STABLES, OFF WITH THE BRITISH UNIFORM... FIND A HORSE BLANKET... THEN HOPE I CAN EXPLAIN IT ALL TO THE CHATEAU GUARD...

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

THE QUEERHUNTER: COMING HOME

BY G.B. MISA

When the wife took the kids and rushed off to her mother in Phoenix I knew it was time to split from Tucson once and for all. It wasn't that I didn't like Tucson. Hell. It was a pretty good town and I had a terrific job as a mechanic for General Motors. It was just that Maisie's relatives seemed to be all over town and what was weird about it was most of them looked just like her – even her goddamned father who was bald. He was a big deal with the fire department.

Hell. Come to think of it, I was becoming dull: an old married man. I'd fall asleep in front of the television set. How long had it been since I had myself a little pussy on the side besides the old lady? Over six months! Actually, the only thing I'd really miss in Tucson was the gym down by the railroad tracks. I'd been pumping iron down there since I got out of the Marines. It was a good old fashioned gym with iron barbells and concrete floors. It wasn't one of those fag gyms with Nautilus equipment, full-length mirrors, hair dryers, and carpeted floors. Hell, my gym didn't even have soap in the showers. It wasn't for sissies. It was a He-man gym.

Anyway, it was time for a change. Shit. I'm pushing thirty. I was a dumb kid when I joined the Marines in the fall of '68 when all that bullshit was coming down in the Democratic Convention in Chicago. All of those Commie pricks like Abbie Hoffman should've been strung up! Looped right there in the Loop! I got my basic training at Camp Pendleton. That's in Oceanside, California. I don't remember too much about it except that one day I was on liberty and I was watching a porn movie at a downtown movie house when I felt a hand on my crotch. I cold cocked the son of a bitch. He was unconscious for five minutes and they had to bring in a stretcher. I couldn't believe my eyes when they took him back to the base. He was a Marine! I don't know what the world's coming to when they got fuckin' queer Marines, you know?

Before I knew it, I was in Nam. I had a terrific duty in the rice paddies. I wiped out a whole village. Made sure I got the kids. I guess the Big Deals couldn't handle that shit because they transferred me to Saigon. The only nice thing about pushing a pencil was I got me plenty of that good Vietnamese ass and grass. Hell! When I got right down on it, I didn't have a worry in the world. After all, I'd done my share to wipe out the Commie motherfuckers and keep the world safe for democracy. If only I'd stayed in the Marines! If only I hadn't married Maisie. After six months of marriage, I got tired of fucking her wide open pussy, so I started screwing her up the ass. Fuck it! Fuck her! Fuck, man!

I decided I'd move to Venice, California, and the reason was because of my old buddy Jock Patton. He was on the police force in Santa Monica. We'd spent a couple of years in Nam together killing the slopes, sharing the dope, and buddy-fucking the women. Jock was a big tough Irishman with straw colored hair, green eyes, an easy smile, and a power-packed 220 pounds of rock hard muscle on his six-foot frame. When I wrote Jock and told him I wanted to leave Tucson, he worked out a deal for me to rent a gas station in Venice. "It's a good deal. The rent's cheap. You won't have to work off your butt to make a good living – I've got it all set and you'll be right near the beach and the outdoor gym. It only costs 20 bucks a year to join. Schwarzenegger works out there once in a while. There's plenty of good, hot Venice pussy. It's all set for you. Mick! I can hardly wait for you to come out. Anyway, the

Yeah, old Jock Patton was a real buddy. One of the good guys. I had nothing to lose. I chucked all my gear in the back of my pickup and tooled off for Venice. It was early summer and the desert was boiling hot. Just at dawn I stopped in Needles for breakfast before hitting the Mohave Desert. The waitress wasn't much to look at but the minute I saw her I knew she was a pushover. I could see it in her eyes. After I finished my hotcakes and sausage, I motioned her toward me. "C'mon, let's go behind this shack and tear off a piece."

"What . . . what did you say?" She was being cute, trying to act like she was shocked.

"You heard me," I said. She was bent over the counter and I could see her tits. "Let's fuck!"

She giggled, flicking her tongue out at me. "You'll have to wait until I get off duty – 'bout an hour or so."

"That your boss back there?" I jerked my head toward the pot-bellied cook. Like a fucking out-take from that TV shit *Alice* I used to fall asleep in front of.

"That's him."

"Tell him you're going around to the back of this shack for a smoke!" I'd worked my hand up her dress. The slut wasn't wearing panties. Her pussy was sopping wet. "You know you're dying for a big dick."

She didn't say no-no because of the yes-yes in her eyes. I paid my check. I wasn't behind the shack fifteen seconds before I heard the screen door slam. She could've won a skunk contest. We got nasty standing up. Ten minutes and a double-load later I was back on the highway feelin' real good. That's when I picked up the hitch hiker. He was tall and wiry with nervous hands and a mouth that wouldn't stop twitching. I leadfooted back up to ninety on the flat desert, praying my Firestone radials wouldn't blow rubber out my ass.

"Your name isn't Biff by any chance, is it?" he asked in an anxious voice.

"Nope it ain't."

"Are you sure?"

"What the fuck's the matter with you, man," I said. "I know what my name is! It's Mick!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I really didn't." He laughed nervously. "I always seem to offend people. I must say, though, you do look just like Biff. He's from Texas. Laredo, Texas. On the border. You're not from Texas, are you?"

"No, Arizona. What the fuck does this dude look like?"

"Oh, he's big like you.. Same Irish pug nose. Huge chest. A no-waste waist. Heck, he even wore a thick black belt like you're wearing. The same studs and everything."

"He must be a good looking guy," I said in a kidding voice.

"Yeah, Biff's the best looking guy in Laredo!" The slim fellow's adam's apple bobbled up and down uncontrollably. "You even have the same mean look on your face!"

"What in hell! I look mean?"

"Tough! Macho!" He giggled. "Maybe I shouldn't tell you about Biff. You might get mad at me. Do something awful to me." He shoved his hand into his coat pocket. "Do you mind if I smoke? They're filtered menthols!"

"Yeah!" I snarled. "No smoking in my pickup truck!"

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have even asked you!"

"What about this dude?"

"What about him?"

I felt the anger grab my nuts. "This Biff freak. Remember?"

"Oh, yes. I remember. How could I forget!"

"So tell me!"

"I'm scared to."

"Talk, asshole! Now!"

He was so nervous he was biting his nails. "You'll, ah . . . I'll bet you'll throw me out in the desert if I tell you all about what happened."

"I'll throw you out in the desert if you don't talk, NOW!"

"Well, ah . . . I ah . . . couldn't I just have a little puff off a cigarette?"

"Shit! Smoke!"

"Oh, thank you. You're more than kind!"

Illustration by Bill Ward

More *what*, I thought.

He lit his cigarette and puffed madly. "It's like this, I worked for Biff in an ice house on the outskirts of Laredo. He seemed like a nice guy when I first got the job. Friendly. He didn't talk much. I'd been working at the ice house a couple of weeks when I was five minutes late. He called me into his office and laid me out. I told him I'd overslept. I wouldn't let it happen again. He fingered his big black belt with, you know, stubby, workworn hands and told me that the next time I was late he was going to whip my ass. I thought he was straight out of *Reader Digest*'s "Toward a More Picturesque Speech." But when I was late about a month later I found out old Biff was not kidding!"

"He beat your ass, man?" I felt the blood rushing to my head.

"The son of a bitch told me if I wanted to keep my job shoving ice around I better drop my pants and take my punishment like a man." He threw his cigarette out the window and grabbed for another one.

"He beat your *naked* ass?"

"Not the first time. He stripped me to my jockey shorts. But them studs, they cut into my butt. That was a wicked belt he had. Just like the one you're wearing. Exactly!"

I shook my head in disgust. "You let him do it to you? What kind of a man are you?"

"It was a good job, especially for Laredo," he said. "I couldn't afford to lose it. I thought Biff would stop when I wasn't late no more, but Biff – he just got meaner and meaner!"

"Oh, yeah?" I tried to control my heavy breathing. "What did he do to you next?"

"He made me strip off my shirt. He whipped me from the back of my neck all the way down to my calves. Once he beat me until he couldn't lift his arm no more!"

"You're kidding!" I didn't realize that my hand was pressing against the swollen head of my dick.

"I ain't kidding, Mac!" The skinny guy puffed nervously on his cigarette. Quickly he twisted his body away from me. Grabbing his shirt he pulled it up over his head. "You see what I'm talking about?"

Wow! It was like someone smashed me in the stomach. My head whirled and I almost drove off the road. His back was criss-crossed with purple-scarlet-green welts – flat wide ones – some of them were old – some were brand new. I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to have the skinny son of a bitch cowering at my feet while I whipped the shit out of him and he begged for mercy. "God damn," I said. "This Biff dude did this to you?"

"You don't know the half of it," he continued breathlessly. "The tortures he put me through. The things he did to me. He got worse and worse!"

For a second I thought the string bean was going to start crying on my shoulder. "Like what?" My voice was ice cold. I flushed my excitement out of it.

"Well . . . ah . . . the next thing . . . shit, I might as well tell you. He made me drink his piss!"

"What?" I wasn't sure if I had heard him right.

"I know, I know. But it naturally sort of happened!" He bit down hard on the nail of his index finger. "He made me drink it. He made me kneel while he was talking to his girlfriend on the phone. The first time he pissed all over me. But after a while he ordered me to drink it down. No choking. No spilling. No deposit. No return. If I spilled any of his piss, he'd pull of his belt and beat me some more. I had to drink all of it! You know: self-defense."

I don't know. Maybe the glazed look on his degenerate face. Maybe the way his eyes were glued to my crotch. Maybe the way he licked his lips when he saw I had a stiff prick in my blue jeans. Maybe it was all because I was mad because he knew he'd turned me on. I felt the rage tear at my belly and I wanted to shut his big mouth but he wouldn't stop talking. "After he pissed in my mouth, he made me suck him off. Hell, he grabbed me by the hair and jammed his dick down my throat until I felt it in my guts. The first time he pumped me I threw up all over him. That didn't stop Biff. He kept pumping away until he shot his lot load in my mouth! Then he made me eat my vomit. He said something like, 'Nothin' like a good hot meal after sex!' "

Red hot flames crackled in my chest and shot up into my throat. I jammed on the brakes. His head smashed into the window. Blood streamed down his face. I pushed at the door on his side of the truck and in the same motion I twisted my body and kicked the son-of-a-bitchin' queer mother fucker into the desert. I felt like jumping on top of him and stomping him to death. But why give a creep what he'd love too much?

He staggered to his feet. I jumped out of the truck. "Oh, sir," he moaned. "You're so big, so rugged, I'm your slave. I'll do anything you . . ."

I kneed his balls and I hoped I cracked them as he doubled forward, his face the color of shit. Then I biffed him with a stiff uppercut. He was like all queers, jelly. Maybe *mush* is a better word. He folded like a sack of potatoes. I vaulted into my pickup truck and took off like a bat out of the heat of the Mojave hell. I hoped a coyote would finish off the queer mother.

Funny thing, though. I couldn't keep my hand from riding my prick. When I got to Needles, I hit the toilet in a gas station and hauled out the full nine inches. Christ, my meat was so fucking hard I couldn't piss so I figured I'd beat it off. Shit! I haven't beaten my meat since I was a teenager, but that day right there, on the edge of the desert, I laid into my own pud. I stood, legs spread wide, eyes closed, beating that mother fucker, groaning, swearing under my breath – feeling the cum-clots building, starting in my toes, curling the smelly fuckers, son of a bitch, flexing up, grabbing at my asshole, ecstasy into my balls, eruption! I spewed gism, creamy load hiting the slimey wall of the toilet – slithering down – over the filthy graffitti of dicks and asses, cuming and cuming, so fuckin' good. I almost cramped into Terminal Orgasm! Shit!

Shit! And I did. Fuckin' collapsed on the filthy crapper.

Did I pick up any more hitch hikers on my way to Venice?

Do dykes have dicks?

I guess Venice was seedy looking. Old abandoned buildings. Leftover hippies playing guitars under the palm trees. Shit! That lifestyle went out with the Sixties. But not in Venice. See Venice and die! Teenagers on roller skates, even some bodybuilders skating in ballcaps! But what really pissed me off was that Venice was a melting pot. Call the cast of characters of different colors *Rainbow People* if you want. Why bother to have the pot call the kettle black? I'd heard that the white people of Southern California had run to the suburbs to get away from the Blacks and the Mexicans. And I got my way of telling what's black and what's white with my own grey matter.

Then I saw the gas station Jack Patton had leased for me. A mess: sandwiched between a dirty Taco stand and a migger Car Wash. The gasoline pumps were vintage. Sixties. I took a deep breath and said to myself, "Ole Jock Patton knows what he's doing."

Anyway, in a couple months the gas station was in full operation. Yep, old Jock was right. By the beginning of summer, I was pulling in good money. Jock had the foresight to get me a choice deal with an independent oil company to buy all the gas I needed at a fixed rate. They couldn't jump the price three or four cents every two weeks, like the big rip-offs of Standard Oil and Getty. Not like they can lately.

I was so busy in June that I didn't have much time for fucking around. Jock had me over for dinner a couple of times. He had a ritzy home in Newport Beach, down in Orange County where everything is whiter than an Albino's asshole. Yeah, Jock had the perfect home, the perfect wife and the two perfect rugrats: a girl, plain as shit, and a butch little boy with dirty blond hair. I had to admit Ozzie and Harriet live. Right there at dinner. Over the chatter of the Corning Ware, all they could talk about was the bowling league.

I was proud of my gas station. Five thousand bucks to fix it up. New gas pumps. Painting. Landscaped in real sand. I even liked the location: just off the beach, next to the bicycle path. When I wasn't pumping gas or installing mufflers I sat watching the hot looking chicks rolling their butts on their bicycle seats or spreading pussy on roller skates. No problem getting me some of that young pussy. I screwed a redheaded gumpopper on roller skates behind the lube rack. Bent her over a Quaker State barrel and played "Lassie Come Home," fucking her butt dogstyle while I pinched her big tits and chewed on her pigtails. The next time she came around she brought her girlfriend. One of those girlfriends with glasses thick as coke bottles. And I quickly serviced both of them in between pumping gas.

The only fly in the ointment (besides mine in the KY) was

the gay bar across the street. At first I thought it was a regular bar. It looked like a working man's hangout: a row of motorcycles out front. But I was sure it was the fag customers of that bar who were writing on the walls of my men's room. Hell, it was disgusting. *SHOW IT HARD FOR BLOW JOB . . . I DRINK HOT PISS . . . . IF YOU GOT NINE INCHES OF STIFF COCK CALL 285-5329 . . . I WANT A FIST UP MY ASS . . . . SLAVE NEEDS MASTER . . . WANTED: BODY-BUILDER SHIT!*

I mean, would you believe, just how sick, how desperate can a man get? Just the thought of those cocksuckers across the street made me want to throw up. But one of 'em probably eats upchuck! Every once in a while I'd see some guy go into my john who looked like a queer, but I never caught any of them doing anything or writing on the walls. I finally locked the door and only gave the key to paying customers. I painted the john and that was the end of the filthy writing on the walls. Except for the straight griffitti. You know, normal stuff like *EAT PUSSY*.

Then I made my first mistake. I closed at ten at night and my usual routine was to drive over to MAC'S BAR AND GRILL on Ocean Avenue, but a hard day's a hard day. So I looked over at the fag bar. Weren't any bikes out front so I figured why not slip in and chugalug a quick Coors.

Surprise! I expected to see ballerina posters behind the chandelliers and hear Judy Garland singing "Over The Rainbow." Fuckin' reverse 4W Drive. It wasn't sissy at all. It looked like a redneck bar back in Tucson. Sawdust on the floor. The July 4th motorcycle run had a poster on the wall. There was a husky dude I could identify with behind the counter in a leather vest. Sometimes straight guys take shit jobs to survive.

There was only one customer and he was parked at the other end of the bar. I felt more relaxed. I ordered a Coors. He said they were boycotting Coors. I was relieved when he didn't give me a glass. I wasn't going to drink my beer out of a glass used by a bunch of cocksuckers who put godknowswhat-shitintheirmouths!

Then the three guys came in. They were dressed in leather: head to foot. One second I knew they were fags. Their leader was a five-by-five runt: nothing, at most, over five-foot-nine. He jerked his thumb ttoward his helmet and both of the guys jumped forward. One took off the helmet while the other dude helped him off with his motorcycle jacket. He was bare-chested with massive, hairy pecs that glistened with sweat. His waist was so cut his abdominal muscles rippled under his thin skin. The cocksucker's muscles had muscles and his chest was tattooed with a huge monster. Lochness Forever! The Muscle Beast had a snout like an alligator. The front legs claed up and then down his right arm. The scaly tail twisted to the elbow of his other arm. He was ugly as a rumble seat, but I wouldn't want to tangle with the fucker. I'll bet he weighed at least 200 pounds. "Bud," he snarled at the taller of his two buddies.

"Yes, boss!" The tall man rushed to the bar. His helmet and goggles hid his face and yet there was something strangely familiar about him. The way he walked to the bar with his left foot slightly turned out and his thumbs tucked into the pockets of his leather jeans. But who . . . who did he remind me of? I waited in vain for him to peel off his goggles and helmet. H was a six-footer and he had to weigh at least 200. With all his muscles in the right place, his leather was skintight. Why the fuck should he take orders – short orders – from the little guy. But you know there's no way to figure out what a queer will do. They don't think or act like us. Shit! If I had my way all of them would be concentrated like Florida Orange juice!

I blew a big fart.

I almost shit my pants. It was the chili or the Coney Island Hot Dog I'd eaten for lunch. I shook my head heading for the head, hoping there would be toilet paper for one kingsize crap. I plopped my ass on the toilet seat. Just in time for splashdown! The big fat turd hit with a barage over troubled waters! I wiped my ass and was hauling up my filthy work pants when the door burst open. The big guy with the terrific build came crawling into the john on all fours. The ugly little guy was behind him, kicking him in the ass with his square-toed motorcycle boots. "Fuckin' dumb asshole!" Then the boot smashed into his back, knocking him flat on his face. "Why the fuck are you such a fuckin' fuck up, huh, you prick!"

The little guy with all the muscles bent down. He ripped off the big guy's helmet. He grabbed him by his dirty-blond hair and jammed his face into the unflushed urinal full of orange piss. He made gurgling sounds like he was choking to death, but the little guy was unmerciful. I was sure he was going to drown the big guy in the heavy smelling piss. He finally jerked the big dude's head from the urinal. Quckly he unzipped his fly and jerked out a thick dark dick with an angry, glistening red knob on it. He rammed it into the mouth gaping like a guppie. "Suck my dick, you fuckin' queer mother!"

Still I didn't see the face of the big man with the straw-colored hair.

I departed that toilet like I was shot from guns! My heart raced. I dropped the dime into the pay phone and dialed. "Hello, Janet? This is Mick. Could I speak to Jock?"

"Oh, Mick, it's good to hear from you," she said. "Jock isn't home. He's out biking with the boys."

I almost felt like saying, "Out with the gay boys." Instead I said, "Are you sure?"

"Of course. Some police affair. I never remember what." Her voice sounded funny. "Is something the matter, Mick?"

"Not a thing."

When I hung up, I shook my head. Keerist! Dumb! Stupid! No way was there a real resemblance between the big guy in the toilet and Jock. Just that both of them had the same color hair. That was all. Hell! There was no way that the guy who's head was shoved into the urinal could be my Jock Patton! Jock who wiped out the Cong with an innocent smile on his face. Hell! He was also one of the toughest cops in Santa Monica. He made Clint Eastwood look like a sissy. The street scum of Santa Monica was scared to death of Big Jock Patton.

Yet – I couldn't help feeling strange inside. Dread. Weird. Not my best buddy! Just to check it out. Shit! To be absolutely positive, I went back to the gay bar and ordered another Bud. The three dudes were gone. The bar was empty. "Ah, you remember the three guys who were just here – in leather?" I asked.

"Sure thing, Mac. Old buddies."

"The big dude with the dirty straw hair." I chugalugged the Bud. "You know his name?"

"Sexy looking guy, isn't he?"

"Well, ah, I dunno."

"It's alright," he laughed. "Anyway, ole Bimbo has him all tied up – if you know what I mean. He ain't available."

"All I want to know is his name!" I felt the anger tearing at my guts.

"His name is Turk!"

"Thanks," I said as I ordered another Bud. I felt like a huge weight had been taken off my shoulders. You know what it's like to start figurin' that your best pal's a fag? I felt a lot better.

Now the bartender in the leather vest leaned over the bar. He lowered his voice. It was intimate. "You feel like filling up a bottle for me?"

"What?"

"You want me to spell it out, man?"

"What the fuck you talkin' about?"

He winked at me. "Just piss in this bottle and hand it back to me!" He shoved an empty bottle across the bar. "No one else in here. I want you to watch while I drink your piss!"

I saw red. I grabbed the empty bottle and smashed it across his head. Fags scream for the same reason chickens cross the road. I headed for the door. The ocean breeze cooled my hot forehead. At least Jock Patton wasn't a fucking queer although it seemed like everybody else was. Turk . . . Turk . . .

The teenager with the pigtails and big tits had given me her phone number and address, but I didn't bother to call ahead for head. She answered the door of her apartment naked, stoned out of her head. Easy enough to get her to give me some quick head. Shit! I laid back with my filthy jeans unbuttoned. She hardly had her mouth around my dick before I shot off. I crashed for a few minutes. When I got it back together she was sitting on my hard dick. I told her to call the other chick with the thick glasses, but she said she wanted my dick all to her own little pussy.

I shot off with her five times, all the while I couldn't get

(Continued on page 62)

Illustration by Bill Ward

Jock Patton out of my head . . . Turk . . . Jock . . . tick . . . tock . . . around and around in my head like some insane lyric . . . the gurgling sound as the face of the man with the straw blond hair was jammed into the urinal bubbling full of yellow piss . . . Gurgle . . . gurgle . . . Jock . . . Turk . . . tick tock . . . tick bock . . . but . . . but what really pissed me off was my swollen dick . . . stiff and hard . . . Why was it, after five loads with a hot fox, my dick refused to go down?

I hit home at five in the A.M. I stripped back naked. I still had a fuckin' hardon.

Keerist! The sun was coming up. I stared at myself in the full-length mirror. "Go down, mother fucker!" I snarled at my dick. I palmed it a brutal slap. All it did was bounce against belly button. I stared hard at my body. One thing I can say for myself; since I left the old lady in Tucson and moved to Venice, I'd packed on a lot of muscle; especially chest and shoulders. The last time I measured my chest it was fifty. I had well-rounded delts connecting with my biceps. My eyes were dark borwn – almost black with heavy eyebrows. I was the kind of a guy who had five o'clock shadow right after he shaved in the morning and I had enough body hair that when I got crabs I'm in agony. But the nicest thing of all was my big fat dick. Nine proud inches! In the mirror, its very red head glistened in the early dawn. Maybe the fucker would never go down – what would Jock think of that? Terminal Hardon! Terminal fucking everything!

Shaking my head I got into bed and closed my eyes. Outside, Venice was coming to life. A honking horn. A siren in the distance. No way I could go to sleep – not with a hardon! "Okay, you mother fucker! I'll jerk you off. That'll be six times for the night and you ought to be satisfied, you fucker, you!"

I tried to remember the name of the gal on the roller skates and the big tits. Was it Tracy or Sandy or Deborah? Shit! Those braids! Those pigtails! I couldn't remember. As I rhythmed my jerking off I belt the pleasure in my toes . . . beginning to inch up my calves and into my knee joints and . . . and . . . the image flashed in my head . . . the big guy with the straw-blond hair crawling on all fours in the toilet of the gay bar . . . JOCK PATTON . . . JOCK PATTON . . . Yeah! Jock Patton choking on the piss . . . Revelation! Jock Patton on his knees in front of me . . . Jock's hand tearing at my fly . . . his fist wrapped around my big dick . . . his mouth slobbering on the fat head . . . my body convulsing . . . I shoot my burning hot load in Jock Patton's mouth . . . EAT . . . MY . . . Spunk . . . JOCK . . . BAMN . . . WAM . . . CARAFUCK? . . . SHIT! . . . SWALLOW IT! . . . Jock . . . down deep in your guts . . . SWALLOW!

I shot a load and a half. Cumclots smashed against my pecs . . . spurted up to my chin . . . my mouth. My prick was like a fuckin' gun. Deep dark echoes of Jock and Nam and me. Our fuckin' rifles. Our fuckin' guns! Just the thought of JOCK PATTON on his knees in front of me . . . WOW! I couldn't help it. Fuck the pigs in pigtails! How the fuck was I gonna handle this?

I glanced at the alarm clock. Five-thirty. Half an hour to work. Shit . . . I closed my eyes. And he was there. Jock Patton. His lips smiling like he always smiled, waiting for my stiff dick.

I avoided Jock Patton for a week. I had some serious stough to work out. When Jock finally came turfing into my gas station he had a big grin pasted on his Irish cop face. I could see the worry in his green eyes. "What have you been up to?" he asked. He sat down and kicked his big number 12's on my desk.

I went over to him and took his hat off. "Just wanted to see if you were getting grey," I lied. Yeah, his hair was the exact same color – yellow like straw – just like the guy with his face in the urinal.

Suddenly the smile left his face. He looked at his boots. "I left Janet and the kids," he said quietly.

His words made me angry. "What the fuck happened?" I yelled at him, "I thought you were the perfect couple."

"So did I," he said ruefully. "For the first two or three years."

I couldn't help thinking: with your police cap off, you look exactly like the guy in the john, even without a good look at his face.

"I moved in with my patrol car partner until I can find my own place."

Jock and Brad had patrolled together a couple of years, I guess. Jock never said much about Brad.

Brad came in the front door, drinking a Pepsi. "C'mon, Jock, get your ass in gear!"

I faced the stocky cop. Nausea grabbed at my nuts. Brad was the spitting image of the short guy who had jammed Turk's face into the urinal.

"You drive, asshole!" he barked at Jock. "Otherwise I'll park my night stick in your garage!"

Maybe this was their private idea of good clean horseplay!

Jock jumped to his feet like he had received an order from the Patton who was the general of some distant relation. He hit the front door. "See you later, Mick!" he said.

Brad looked arrogant as he swaggered toward the police car. Red hot anger coated my eyes. I wanted to belt the little son of a bitch. What right did he have to talk to my best buddy like he owned him body and soul? As they drove away I was angry at myself for not asking Jock where he'd been the night I'd seen the guy with the straw-blond hair — the guy called *Turk*.

I didn't have to wait long. Two nights later I proved out the truth about Jock Patton. Some legal business with my station took me to L.A. Jock watched the station for me. It was his day off. I really liked the way he looked in a pair of dirty old blue jeans and a white cotton teeshirt greasy over both his big pecs.

I drove back late. After closing. I don't know why I did it, I guess it was just instinctive, but I turned off my headlights as I cruised into the station. A pretty low trick to do. The station was closed up tight. Jock had gone home to his buddy, Brad. I was about to switch on my headlights and take off when I heard the strange voice. It echoed with the hollow sound of the men's room. I figured Jock had forgotten to lock it up and maybe a couple of bums were boozing in it or, worse, a couple of fags from the gay bar were using it to fuck around with each other.

The door was half open and the light from the street lamp shone directly into the toilet. Directly. Directly on the straw-blond hair of the man on his knees. No doubt about it. Jock Patton and Turk were the same man. Even though I sort of had it all figured, the shock smashed at my chest. Blood churned up into my head. I grabbed the door-jamb for support. Was I going to black out? Jock was on his knees and the cop standing over him was Brad. The same guy who'd jammed his face into the urinal across the street at the gay bar.

"You queer motherfucker!" Brad snarled as he tore at his leather belt with his left hand. His right hand shot out, ripping at Jock's oil-stained teeshirt. Then the belt whipped through the air. CRACK! Leather on human flesh. I watched in fascination as a red welt raised on Jock's muscular back. I got to say one thing for Jock Patton. No screaming. No begging for mercy. He took it like a Marine ought to take it.

"Lick his boots!" Brad ordered. He kicked Jock in the ass as he pointed to the motorcycle cop who leaned against the water basin. The cop, helmeted, wore sun glasses. His teeth clamped hard on the dark Marlboro filter in his mouth. "Clean 'em good!" He laughed evily.

Suddenly Brad bent forward, grabbing Jock by his straw-blond hair. "It's time for you to suck some motorcycle dick!" he said. "C'mon — unzip his fly and suck that police prick! On the double, asshole!"

Jock didn't move a muscle. "Hey, that's enough, man. I don't feel like it!"

"You talkin' to me?" Brad said. "You talkin' to me?"

"You heard me, Brad!"

Brad's hand flashed out, grabbing Jock by his thick straw greasy blond hair. He forced his head toward the glistening cock of the tough motorcycle cop. Jock twisted his head so the cock didn't go in his mouth but pressed up against his unshaven cheek. "Suck his cock!" Brad ordered. "I want to see him come in your queer mouth! Suck it! Suck it!"

The motorcycle cop slapped Jock. Hard. Across the face. Jock opened his mouth for an instant but that was all the cop needed. He jerked his ass forward a couple of times, slamming his dick all the way down Jock's throat. He bent forward, wrapping his arms around Jock's head.

SHIT! FUCK! AGHEEE!

The motorcycle cop's eyes closed in the throes of orgasm. It was the perfect time for me. No way was I going to let these perverted sons-a-bitches take advantage of my good old Marine buddy. No matter if he wanted even just a little of it! Hell! They were treating Jock like Jock and me used to treat the Saigon whores. I smashed the motorcycle cop in the mouth. I felt great as his teeth turned into bloody Chiclets. The blood slopped out of his mouth. He hit the piss-covered floor like a sack of shit.

It happened so quickly that when I turned to Brad he was still beating his meat with his mouth half open. He was drooling. His mouth opened all the say as I smashed my fist into his guts, doubling him over. Then I straightened him with a right uppercut. I watched as he stood on his toes, held for a second, and then crashed to the cement floor.

Finally I looked at Jock. He was on his knees with his face staring at the floor. Finally he looked at me. I stood motionless, staring back at him. I don't know how long we studied each other. Five minutes? More like thirty seconds. My whole life changed. I wish I could explain it. At first, I felt pure anger as I looked deep into his pale green eyes. The anger slowly turned to something else . . . something ineffable . . . spiritual . . . something intimate . . . a kind of recognition between the two of us that was beyond words . . . beyond anything I had ever dreamed of before . . . he knew and I knew . . . the unspoken . . . the communication from my guts to his guts . . . and I knew . . . we would never need words . . . man-to-man man-lifestation . . . we were bonded together for more than Nam . . . for life . . . for, yes I dare say it: love.

I didn't have to say a word. Jock read my silent command in my face. His eyes travelled downward past my chest to my crotch. Oh, God, I felt an agony as now between my legs. The burning fire stiffened my dick to an intensity I had never felt before.

The terrible pain before the ultimate release.

I felt the warmth of his hands as he unzipped my fly, as his hand reached in, grabbing eagerly for the prick he had loved so silently so long. My hard dick acknowledged a heavy return of his deep feeling as he pulled it to his manly face. His eyes looked up into mine.

My fingers tensed on his straw-blond hair. My touch of pressure on the back of his head and his lips' touch on my burning dick. That was enough. I didn't need anymore. My cum came from deep within my nuts and head and heart. This man! I shot all over his beautiful face. His eyes, unwavering, stared upward into mine. I watched the cum run down his forehead, over his eyes and down his cheek. Gently my hand rubbed it in. All over his face, and then, with him watching, as full witness of me with him, I licked the rest of the cum off my own hand and tasted it mixed with the sweat of his face!

I pulled Jock off his knees just as Brad regained consciousness. Before the motherfucker knew what had happened, he was sucking cock. Namely, Jock's! I pulled Jock close and jammed my tongue down his throat as he shot off in Brad's mouth. Then I kicked Brad in the guts and took Jock to my place. I fucked his ass, beat him with my belt, and fucked him some more. He was virgin territory, my best friend, and the best fuck I ever had in my life.

So long, pigs with pigtails!

Yeah, that was the beginning. Jock and I have been together now for over a year and I don't know what I'd do without him. He finally confessed that all the time we were in Nam he was hot for my dick. Said he went crazy when we showered together. Said that's why he always fucked those Saigon whores after me!

He's no longer a cop. I made him quit. Now he works at the station. For me. Every once in a while I test him. Just to see how much he loves me. I'll bring home a weightlifter, or maybe a Marine, and order Jock to suck the guy off. He doesn't like sucking on order anymore than Brer Rabbit didn't want to get thrown into the briar patch. He sucks what I tell him, because I know how to keep him down and dirty, with a variety of lovin'.

The other night I broke him in on my fist, up into his hot guts, but most of all he loves the old-fashioned fuck: down on his knees as I grab his straw-blond hair and fuck him in his handsome face.

Jock Patton is the best cocksucker in town.

I've also changed a lot of my ideas about guys I used to call *queers*. Now, don't you know, I just call them *men*! After all, I'm one of them.

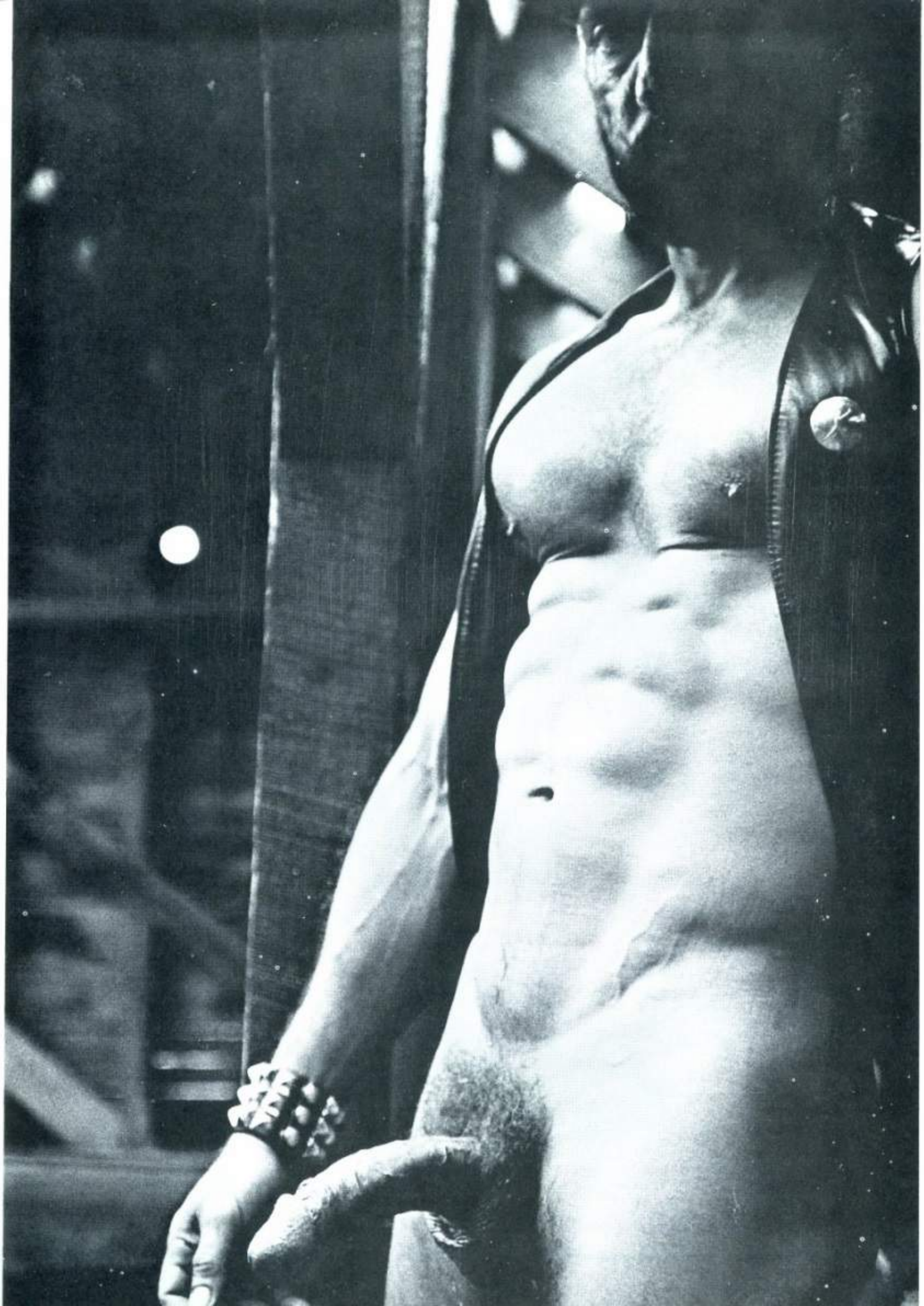
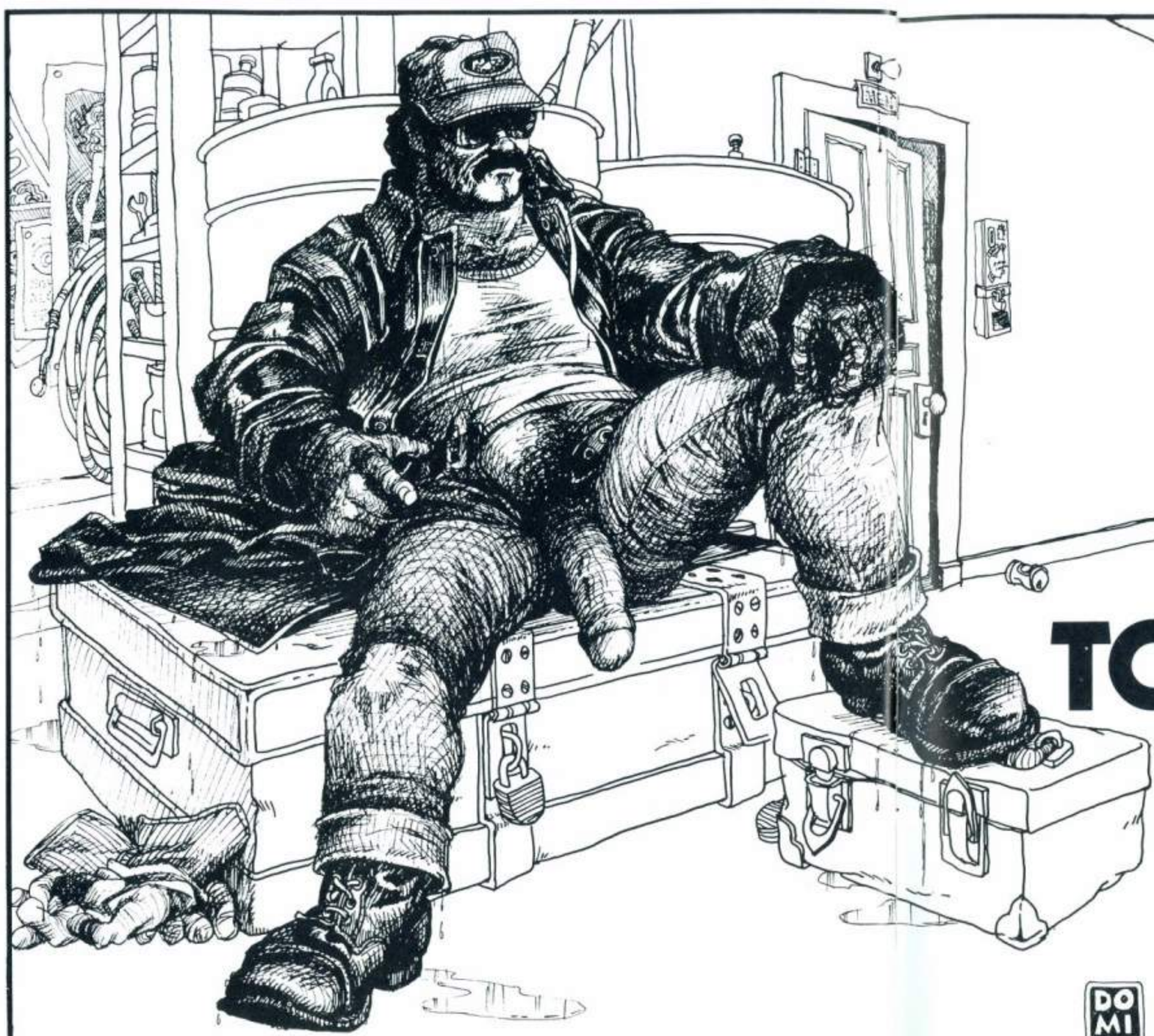


Photo by David Sparrow



TOOL PUSHER

By Greg Nero

An oil derrick stands looking like a cock waiting for a blow-job. It's the upright support for pipe boring deep into solid rock, trying tis damndest to reach the pools of black cum beneath it and erupt in a mechanical orgasm.

One particular derrick stood 142 feet straight up in the hot summer sky, the pivot for a camp stuck in the middle of west Texas scrubland.

Camp Blue-2 was run by a mean son of a bitch tool-pusher named Hank. His nickname was "The Shank" and it only took a glance in the showers to figure out why. Soft, his cock looked about the size of a beer can. Erect, it was three inches in diameter and eleven inches of long, curving, uncut meat.

Everyone in the oilpatch knew the measurements because last winter Joe Caputo put his money where his mouth was, betting Hank he had the bigger cock. Hank just hauled out his meat right there in the bunkhouse and beat it to a standing position. It was duly measured to make sure everything was fair and square but everyone could see Joe didn't stand a chance. Caputo lost a thousand bucks that night and got run out of camp with his pecker between his legs.

Hank's 5'10" frame was packed with 185 pounds of pure, hard muscle, the kind made by twenty-five years of ball-busting work. He looked like a cross between a fireplug and a small bear, especially with the thick, black hair that covered

his body. The only concession to his 40 years was the thinning patch of hair on his head – but it wasn't something a smart man mentioned.

Hank reached into his coveralls and idly scratched his left tit. In hot weather he never wore anything under the rough fabric and kept the zipper open down to his naval. He was sweating like a stuck pig today, so the wet coveralls clung to every muscle, rode high up his crack, and outlined the thick meat as it stuck down the right pant leg.

In front of him stood a new addition to the crew. He didn't like greenhorn roughnecks – they were either stupid, slow or weak – but this one looked different from the usual and he hoped he'd hang around long enough to find out. Especially since his cock had started twitching, which was definitely a good sign.

Ken was only 21 but, at 6'2", 215 pounds, he was built like a brick shithouse. Blond, blue-eyed, tanned a golden brown with thick, broad shoulders tapering to a wasp-like waist. He played football in high school, wrestled all his life, and lifted weights for fun. In fact, he was happiest pumping heavy iron surrounded by other big muscle studs doing the same.

"I see you slack-assing just once, and you'll get the shit kicked out of you!" barked Hank. "Roughnecking is a man's job and needs all the muscle you got."

"I got muscle," replied Ken. This guy was reeming him out and he was barely off the truck. "I lift weights, sir."

Hank liked the way that "sir" came out and his cock gave another twitch. His balls started puckering and his hand went down to give them a tug. "Lifting barbells are chicken-shit compared to wrestling oilfield iron, asshole!"

Ken's eyes dropped to the open V of the coveralls and admired the thick pecs and defined abdominals. He never thought he'd see such hard-packed, chisled muscle outside a weight room.

Then, he caught the outline of Hank's dick. "Holy shit!" he whistled.

"What the fuck are you staring at, asshole?"

Deciding to shoot the works, Ken stared straight at Hank and replied, "You're in good shape, sir."

"You're fucking right I am. And you'll find just what kind of shape I'm in if I don't see you busting your ass all the time you're supposed to be working. Now, get the hell out of my sight. The cook'll show you where to stow your gear, then get your ass up to that derrick. *Move*!"

Hank scowled as Ken scooped up his gear and ran across the open camp to the cookhouse but, all the while, he was checking out the muscular young body, noting the strained shirt and tight pants. "The stud's got a damn good basket. And that ass looks ripe for plowing."

Just to show who's boss, Hank increased the pressure around the derrick and the crew had to really hustle to keep pace with him. By mid-day, though, everyone had the rhythm down perfect with no fuck-ups and the hole sunk deeper towards the earth's core. Hard, fast and smooth – just the way Hank liked to see his rig operate.

Whenever he could, Ken grabbed a look at the tool-pusher. For the past hour he'd been working with a raging, rock-hard dick, imagining what it would be like to run his hand through all that chest hair and chow down on those mile-high tits. He couldn't wait to hit the showers, just to see if that was real, human cock sticking out from Hank's crotch or the first horse-to-man transplant. He wondered if any of the other studs on his crew were having the same thoughts but, if they were, they were too busy to show it.

Meanwhile, Hank kept a careful eye on Ken and was pleased to see that, although he did make the usual greenhorn mistakes, he made up for them with strength, agility and a certain driller-sense.

And, shit, what a body! Stripped to the waist, covered head to boot in grease and mud like he was, the kid looked damn impressive. Hank had to keep squeezing his balls to prevent his hard-on from ripping through his coveralls.

He studied the kid's massive hairless chest, each sculpted pectoral capped with a rigid, quarter-sized nipple. Both strained biceps were pumped to their fullest and rivalled even his own. The shoulders writhed like coiled cables, while the back flared out like bat's wings before narrowing to a waist small enough that Hank figured he could put his hands around it and have the fingers touch.

Sweat ran off the kid's body in muddy-water rivulets, creating a leaf-vein pattern on his chest and back before streaming into the waistband of his pants.

Eyeing the bulge in Ken's pants, Hank nodded, "Must be at least eight inches. Big balls, too. Damn fucking impressive." He could hardly wait for the shift change to break the kid in.

A couple of hours later a shout went up from the deck and Hank rushed out of the doghouse to see what was going on. Ken was sprawled on his ass with a stunned look on his face, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, while the crew gathered around offering advice.

"Okay, everyone else back to work !"barked Hank. He stood over Ken and snapped, "What the fuck happened to you?"

"I'm alright," mumbled Ken. He tried getting up but Hank's size 19 workboot met him in the stomach and forced him back down.

Hank's boot dug deeper into Ken's stomach. "I asked you what happened, asshole!"

Sheepishly, Ken replied, "I leaned in too close to the kelly and got tapped on the head. I was wearing my hard-hat, so nothing happened."

The mud-stained boot slid down Ken's abs, over the low-slung belt, coming to rest on Ken's tight groin. As if putting out a cigar butt, Hank ground the heel hard into Ken's crotch. "Are you sure, asshole? I don't like filling out accident reports."

Arching his back, Ken suddenly clutched the boot on his crotch and mashed it harder into his balls as powerful spasms rampaged through his body. Wad after wad of creamy spunk exploded from the mouth of his cock like rapid-fire artillery shells, soaking his pants with the sticky sperm until his nuts screamed in agony for relief from the delicious torture.

It was a long time before Ken's body was at rest and his contracted muscles returned to normal. For the first time since arriving in camp, Ken's dick went soft and the aching in his loins subsided.

"I guess that means you're airight," smirked Hank.

Smiling, Ken finally gasped out, "Thank you, sir."

Hank took one last look at the giant of a man sprawled beneath him and barked, "Back to work, assholes!" For good measure, he gave a short, vicious kick to Ken's tender groin.

Ken rolled on his side, moaning and clutching his nuts. "Thank you, sir." He took a deep breath and hurried to his job.

Hank ducked back into the doghouse, zipping up his coveralls so the crew wouldn't see his raging bonner. It hurt so much, he finally had to stand in a corner and savagely beat off. With his free hand, he alternated between twisting his sore bull-nuts and mashing his tortured, bloated tits. It was only about five seconds before his cum spattered against the metal walls of the doghouse – harder than insects hitting a speeding car's windshield – and then lazily slid in big, gooey gobs down to the floor.

For a moment, Hank felt satisfied. But the minute he saw Ken again, his cock hardened and his nuts began throbbing wilder than ever. "Shit! Damn! Fuck!"

He tried keeping busy in the doghouse for the rest of the afternoon, hoping to take his mind off that stud working on deck, but his aching rod wouldn't go down. Finally, he could take it no more and called to Ken, telling him to follow, "I need some help checking drill pipe."

Like an obedient pup, Ken tailed Hank down off the substructure and along the tall pipe racks until they were hidden from the rig. Alone with Hank at last, he kept praying Hank would do more than just inspect pipe.

Hank stopped abruptly, zipped down his coveralls and pulled out hard meat. "Gotta take a piss."

Ken's eyes widened on the cock. He'd never seen anything like that monster before. It looked downright inhuman and, for the first time, fear froze his gut. "Maybe I better get back to the rig," he said, eyeing the two balls slung low in their sac beneath the arcing rocket.

"Stay right where you are," drawled Hank. He took a step and, without warning, grabbed both of Ken's big nipples and twisted,. Hard.

Writhing in torment, Ken dropped to his knees. His broad chest heaved as waves of excrutiating, delirious pain seared through his body and collected in his cock, threatening to blow its tip to smitherines.

Again, Hank twisted the puckered spots, rolling them between his strong, calloused fingers until Ken couldn't stand the lacerations any longer and had to cry out.

Tits blazing atop a pounding chest, Ken was pulling his hair and gasping for relief when Hank suddenly plugged his open mouth with that eleven inch cock. "You spill one drop, asshole, and I'll cut off your balls and nail 'em to my wall!"

Quickly, Ken wrapped around the cockhead, barely making the connection when hot, golden liquid began streaming from the pisshole, filling every crevice and searing the back of his throat. Swallowing quickly, Ken gulped as much as he could, but still the acid piss dribbled out his mouth and ran down his chest onto the brown Texas dirt.

Just when he thought he'd pass out, the piss miraculously stopped and he was able to grab some air for his oxygen-starved lungs.

Hank responded by shoving his dick in deeper. "Suck it good, asshole."

Ken tried, gagged a couple of times, then realized he couldn't handle the club. It was too much for him! He'd never seen a cock that size before, let alone try and deepthroat one. "What the fuck do you do with something that big?" he panicked, licking, sucking and slobbering for all he was worth.

Disgusted, Hank grabbed Ken's tits and hauled him to his feet. "That's the worst fucking blowjob I ever had, asshole!" The pain in his cock was killing him. He had to have relief soon.

"Enough of this farting around. Drop those pants."

Scrambling like a kid, Ken stood and pushed his levis down to his ankles. He never wore shorts, so his erect dick was already eagerly waiting by the time he straightened up.

A lattice-work of purple veins throbbed as they rushed blood up the bloated prong to the large, cut head. Pre-cum dribbled down the shaft into blond crotch hair, matted from the dried cum Ken had shot off earlier that day, and dripped off the pendulous sac hanging low between his thighs.

Hank nodded in admiration. The kid was not only built solid, but he had an impressive piece of equipment to match. He had guessed right about it being eight inches, too. Rolling the left ball between his thumb and forefinger, he couldn't help smiling when Ken winced at the pressure. "Hot damn! Now, take a lesson from the master!"

Dropping to his knees, Hank took the eight inch rod into his mouth up to the balls and, like a heavy-duty vacuum cleaner, began brutally sucking on the erection. He reached round and grabbed onto Ken's twin cheeks for support, sticking the middle finger of his right hand into the rosebud for good luck. Shit, he didn't need luck, he knew exactly what he was doing.

Ken thought he'd go out of his mind as Hank relentlessly kept up the pressure on his fuckpole. He tried his damndest to keep from detonating, but almost exploded when Hank released his cock and popped both balls into his mouth for a good chewing. The only thing that saved him was twisting his own nipples so hard he practically ripped them to shreds.

Hank relished his attack on every square inch of the kid's equipment. His snake-like tongue darted along the shaft, tickling the pisshole and tracing the path of each vein down to the sperm-laden scrotum. He mauled that cock like a hungry dog going after a bone.

Suddenly, Hank felt the cock quiver, the quick contraction, and then . . . BAM! The first wad hit deep against the roof of his mouth. "Shit, the kid packs a whallop!"

Then again! And again! As fast as the thick gobs of gism shot out, they disappeared down Hank's parched throat – he couldn't get enough of the white ambrosia.

The last of the juice swallowed, Hank stood and grabbed his burning cock, giving the thick shank a couple of slow, drawn-out, excrutiating strokes. "Turn around and bend over."

Horror-struck, Ken's 215 muscle-pounds started shaking. "Please, sir! I ain't never been butt-fucked! And, if you use that thing, I'll . . ."

"Shut up, asshole! I never repeat an order twice!" Hank held out his cupped hand. "Spit good and hard, 'cause that's all the lube you're going to get."

Ken worked up a good mouthful, but knew it would never be enough.

"Bend over and grab your ankles!" Hank added a gob of his own spit to what he already had and lovingly smeared it along the length of his weapon, which leaped in anticipation of the fun before it. He worked up another gob and spit into Ken's hairless crack, guiding the spit into the tight, browny-pink opening with his middle finger.

"You better loosen up, kid, or this baby's going to split your ass wide open!" The kid's whimpering only got Hank's cock pulsing harder, till he was afraid he might shoot before he even got into the kid. He never wanted someone's ass as bad as he wanted this kid's ass now.

Carefully – even gently – Hank worked the head of his club past the tight ring of muscle. He knew from experience what his cock could do to virgin ass so, grinding his hips slowly, he inched his king pin into the hot tunnel. It'd be a long time before Hank forgot this fuck.

Halfway in, Hank could feel Ken's sphincter relax. The kid was beginning to enjoy himself. Good.

"Enough of this pissing around," thought Hank, as he placed his arms firmly around Ken's waist. "This is where we separate the men from the boys."

With one animal thrust, Hank buried his tool to the hilt. If it weren't for the noise of the camp's motors, Ken's ear-piercing scream would have brought the whole crew running. He thrashed around for a while, but Hank held him firm and the kid didn't go anywhere. "Shit, that's a good ball-busting ass!!" whooped Hank.

Slipping off the top of his coveralls for more freedom, Hank got down to the business of stroking his engine. The muscles of his shoulders and back corded tight with each thrust; his chest rippled with the exertion, its dime-sized nipples pinched tight and sizzling hot; his abdominals writhed in frenzy; and the muscles of his ass contracted with every super-human stab.

With the sweat pouring off him, Hank looked up and sucked in the last rays of Texas sun as the mechanical rhythm of his pumping slowly raised the pressure in his cock. His fucking was like the way he ran his rig – work fast and always go deep using the best equipment available. And he knew his cock was the best drill pipe around for boring ass.

Faster Hank thrust. Each time, he just about pulled right out before slamming all eleven inches back into its sheath. He loved the thousand needles that pricked his sac when his balls got mashed between him and the muscle-bedrock of Ken's cheeks, driving him crazy with the added pain and torment.

Drilling was more than a profession with Hank. It was his whole life, his reason for being. And, DAMN, he was good at it!

Shit, he barely felt it in time! The skin pulled back tight along his cock and the explosion went off within his scrotum as an invisible hand ferociously grabbed and twisted his nuts.

Throwing his head back as he arched and thrust his tits skyward, Hank plunged deep and blasted his first wad far into Ken's writhing gut.

Another stab from his diamond-hard cock and more spunk was planted. His body quaked as the third and fourth shots of hot, sticky crude found their target.

Breathing a deep sigh of relief as he finished his rear-end assault, Hank pumped a few more times before pulling his satisfied piston out. "You're a good fuck, asshole," he said, running his hand tenderly over the kid's smooth butt.

Ken winced at Hank's sudden withdrawal, certain that his ass had been ripped to shreds by the tool-pusher's rough treatment. God, he hurt! But then a pride warmed him and he couldn't help smiling as he thought of what he'd just gone through – of Hank's monstrous cock, of how he enjoyed every minute stuck on that fuck-muscle.

Once Hank let go, Ken didn't have the strength to remain standing and collapsed to the ground, groaning and whimpering in pain but already wondering when he could have Hank's meat up his hole again.

Pulling on his coveralls and stuffing his equipment back behind the zipper, Hank looked down at the slumped figure and chuckled, "Yup, you just met the best driller of all time. You and me are going to get along fine. Just fine."

One of the roughnecks appeared at the other end of the pipe rack and shouted, "Bin looking for you all over the place, Hank. We struck oil! It's a gusher!"

Patting his cock, Hank laughed. "You're fucking tellin' me! Come on, asshole, get your pants on. We got a well to cap."

A VERY PRIVATE

orgy

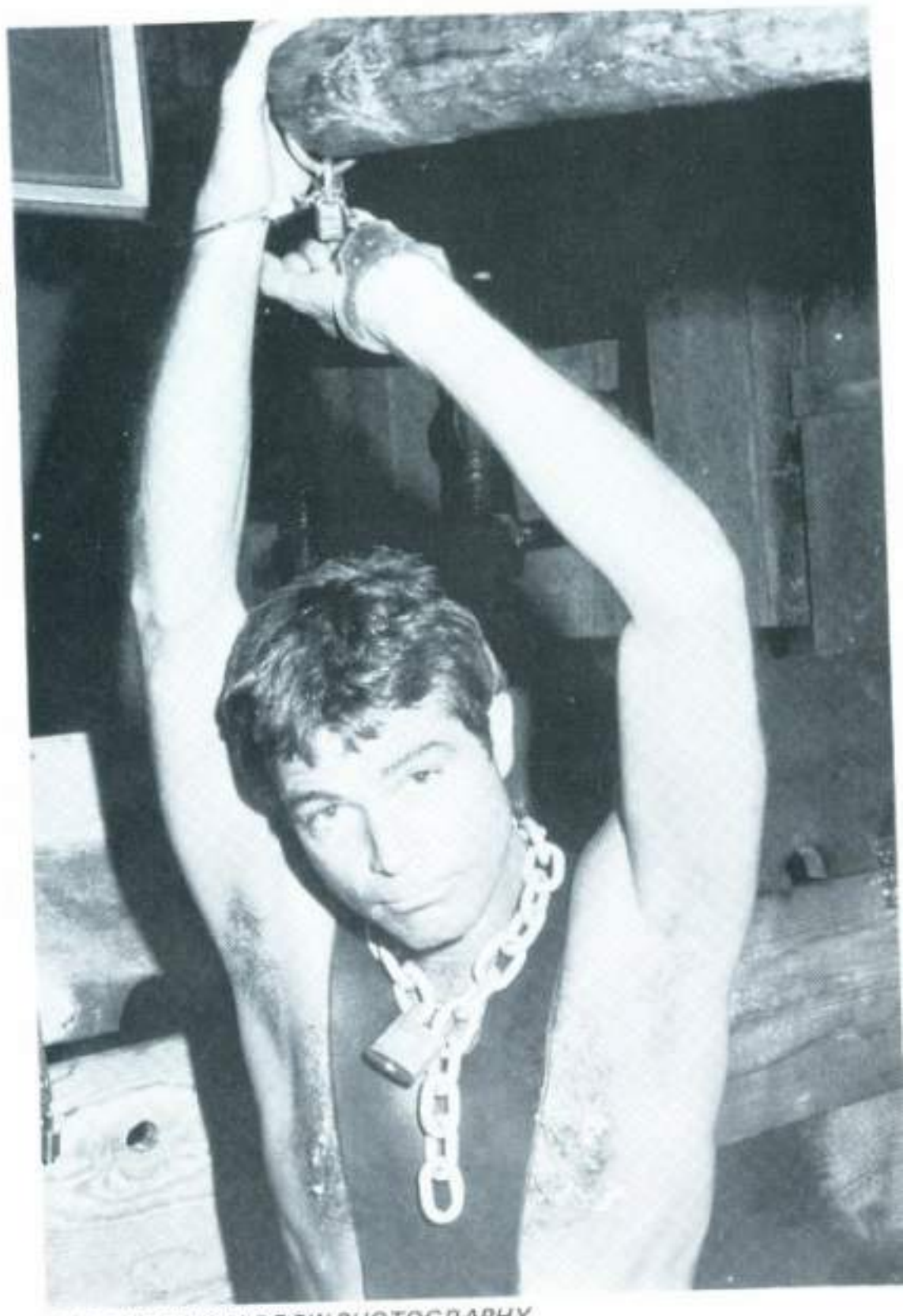
PHOTOS BY RINK

It happened in San Francisco. Someone had a penthouse with a view, he wanted a place where his friends could come and express their sexuality under the best possible conditions. There would be mirrored walls, slings, platforms, light, and a special mural created specifically for this time and place. It would be a private place for private gatherings, a congregation of hot studs getting off. Needless to say, we can't tell you where it is, or who it belongs to, or how you can become one of the select. Instead, we'll show you what went on the night the orgy began. And you can begin thinking about organizing your own.

HOw I SPENT mY SUMMMER VACATION. – R.P.D.

Being a mercenary soldier fresh from two years in the African brush country, I didn't expect a whole lot of challenge from my vacation time in San Francisco. But I was ready for some heavy gettin' down and Leathermen seem to know what that is all about, sometimes. We really live a hell of a life in the brush and see so much shit that the leather scene seems a little unrealistic and shallow unless you are capable of hunting down the few serious men that will take no crap and will give a righteous fuck.

Then I went to a South of Market bar that was having a slave auction and somehow the slave driver talked me into being sold. "It's all in fun," I remember him saying. Fuck. The men were getting paper money every time they bought a drink and some had been drinking for a long, long time. Little did I know that a private sign from the slave driver would bring out the big spenders. The tit clamps and hot wax helped raise the prices too. I brought the highest bid that night and got my bar prize for being a good sport. They had already told me I didn't have to go with the purchaser if I didn't want to. What no one told me until after the auction was that the slave driver himself had arranged for me to be purchased and held for him.



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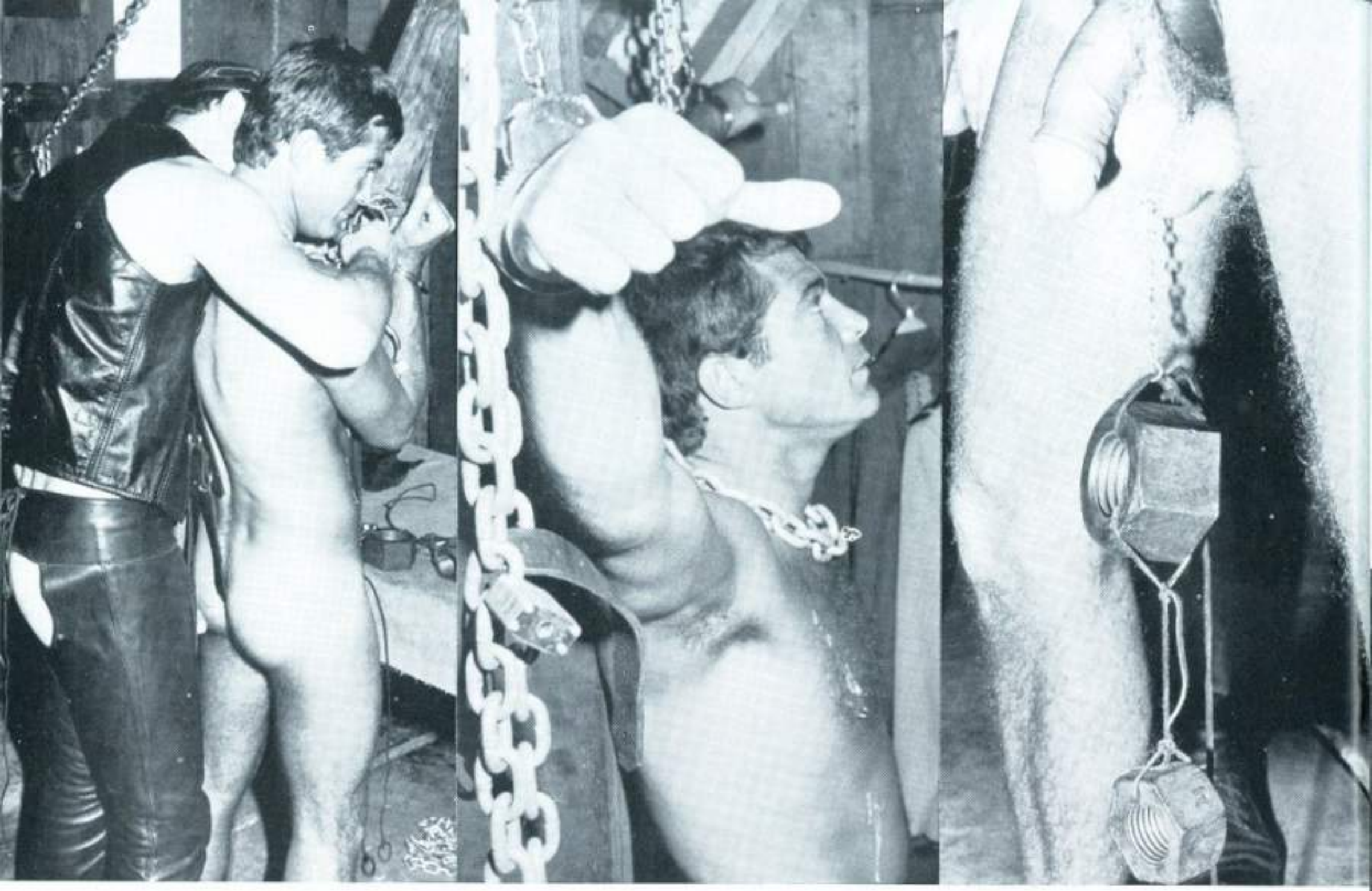


The bar prize wasn't the only one I was going to get. When he said I was to wait, I didn't doubt for a moment that he wasn't asking, he was telling. I wanted to. For him.

After the "show" was over the cages, racks, chains and shackles were neatly packed and removed by several hot leather boys at the direction of my slave driver. I knew then that the equipment was not there just for bar props. It was being returned to a for-real and private place. I had a few more drinks and began to sweat a little.

A short period of time later two of the leather boys came back and gave a meaningful signal to the slave driver. He had been standing just across the room, keeping close survellience on me. Not pinning me down obviously to the crowd, but we understood between us. Everyone mostly seemed to know him and either were respectfully friendly or kept their distance. I was aware that I had accepted an order to wait and that I was not to try to leave without his instructions or else in his custody. Seeing their signal, he beckoned me over with a simple nod of his head. "Go with them to the car," was all he said.

Outside there were two more of the leather dudes. I was marched under guard to a black four door vehicle. No one said a word, but my guards made it clear that I was to stand by the sedan and wait. It wasn't long. They stepped aside enough

to let him inside their circle around me.

"Turn around and face the car. Put your hands on the top, move your feet out and spread 'em." He frisked me. After having already stripped me to my jock strap and using some of the simple equipment on the stage in front of everyone while I was being "sold," he had to know that there was nothing under that t-shirt and blue jeans but my horny body. He made sure. Then he handcuffed me. Right there on the street.

Pure blackness and the smell of leather covered my face when he put the tight-fitting hood over my head. Then rough hands guided me into the back seat of the car and one of the leathermen sat on each side of me. When everyone was in the car sped away quickly.

It was not so many blocks before we stopped. I was immediately removed from the vehicle and in a few short steps I heard someone ring a buzzer. "Identify yourself," came from the speakerbox.

"D.I. 8732 booking in one," was his reply. The door was opened. When I bumped against the wall of the corridor I was being taken rapidly down I could tell that the walls were lined with metal. The floors seemed to be cement since I could hear the sounds of the boots as my guards and captor took me where they wanted me to be.

"Team One, to your security positions. Team Two, you're dismissed until 0800 Hours." He definitely was running this place.

The "Yes, Sir's" spoken I heard all the men but him moving away down other corridors. Again a buzzer sounded. This time simply a respectful, "Yes, Sir?"

"Cell Block 3, Entry and Training. Security measures in force," he said. Every memory of interogation practices and foxhole punkfuckings was beginning to flash through my shriveling balls so how could I possibly explain the ripping hardon? Scared shitless now and smelling the criscosweat, pisscum smells of the room. "Training Room" he'd called it? Cellblock?

I knew better than to speak. Whatever would have come out of my worthless mouth would have been wrong. How did I know that? Why did I have even this small degree of trust in this man? I did. It helped keep the fear below the level of hysteria.

My clothes were literally ripped off my body with the aid of a bayonet. Why would I be needing clothes here? I could tell the shackles going on my ankles were the antique kind from England. They have twist locks and don't bite down if you fall on them. Some kind of body leather was put on me and devices were attached to my nutsack and cock. The chain was around my neck, too, and locked before he said anything.

"Your number is 9133. Who do you belong to?"

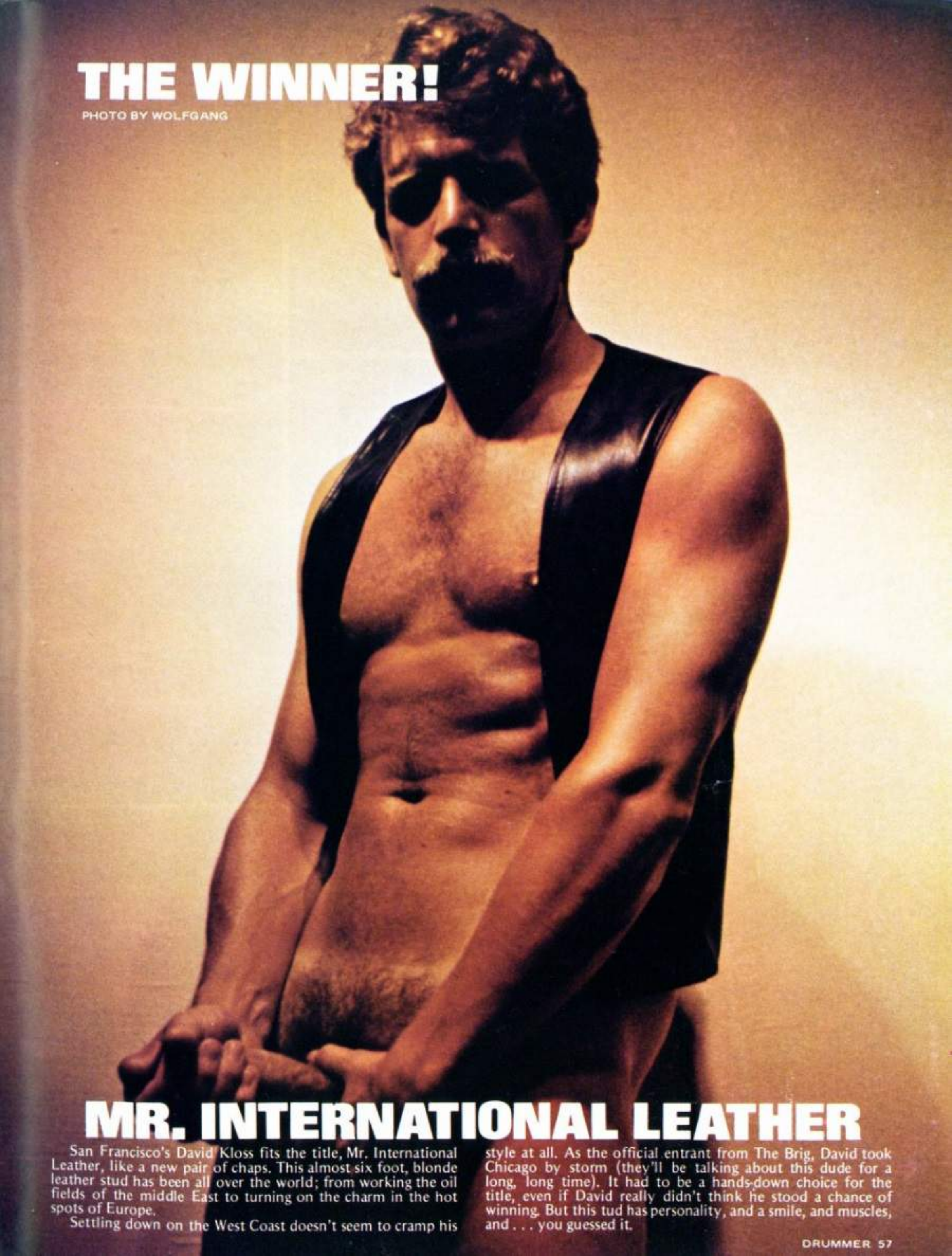
My answer had to be, "To you, Sir." And my training began.

It was after the first long session of learning my positions of servitude and what and how I was permitted to say the words I had only read before, that I learned that I was in The Quarters. Fuck. I thought that article in DRUMMER had been a piece of fiction. I had even thought about writing when I saw the address in the ads. But I really couldn't believe there was such a place and besides, mail in the brush of Africa is seldom seen. Somehow we smuggled issues of DRUMMER from camp to camp, however old or torn or dirty they got. The worst part was getting one that only had half an article in it. Nobody had to wipe their ass that bad.

In all I spent five days with my drill instructor, not all of them in the cell blocks. Sometimes he would have me brought to his Officers' Quarters where I could service his boots and sleep chained to the foot of his bed. I found out that I only had to worry about pleasing him. There were many more slaves than D.I.s, but no D.I. ever used another's property without specific permission. The last day I was taken to the barracks area and issued a bunk and a locker. There I was permitted to come and go on pass hours and that's where I stay now when I use the number 9133 I have earned. Sometimes, when I request it, I am permitted to serve in the cell blocks as my D.I. sees fit to assign me. He always seems to care about where my head is at and how my progress will best be served. He even lets me handle some of the boys sometimes. I always take my duties seriously and serve proudly in every level of The Quarters. Sometimes I have to work as Charge of Quarters on the input desk and phone and sometimes I have to prepare areas for inspection. Whatever it is I know that only certain men are qualified, not all of them are accepted and dismissal would be the worst humiliation any of us could suffer.

Now where do you think I have plans to spend the rest of my summer vacations? Where do you spend yours?

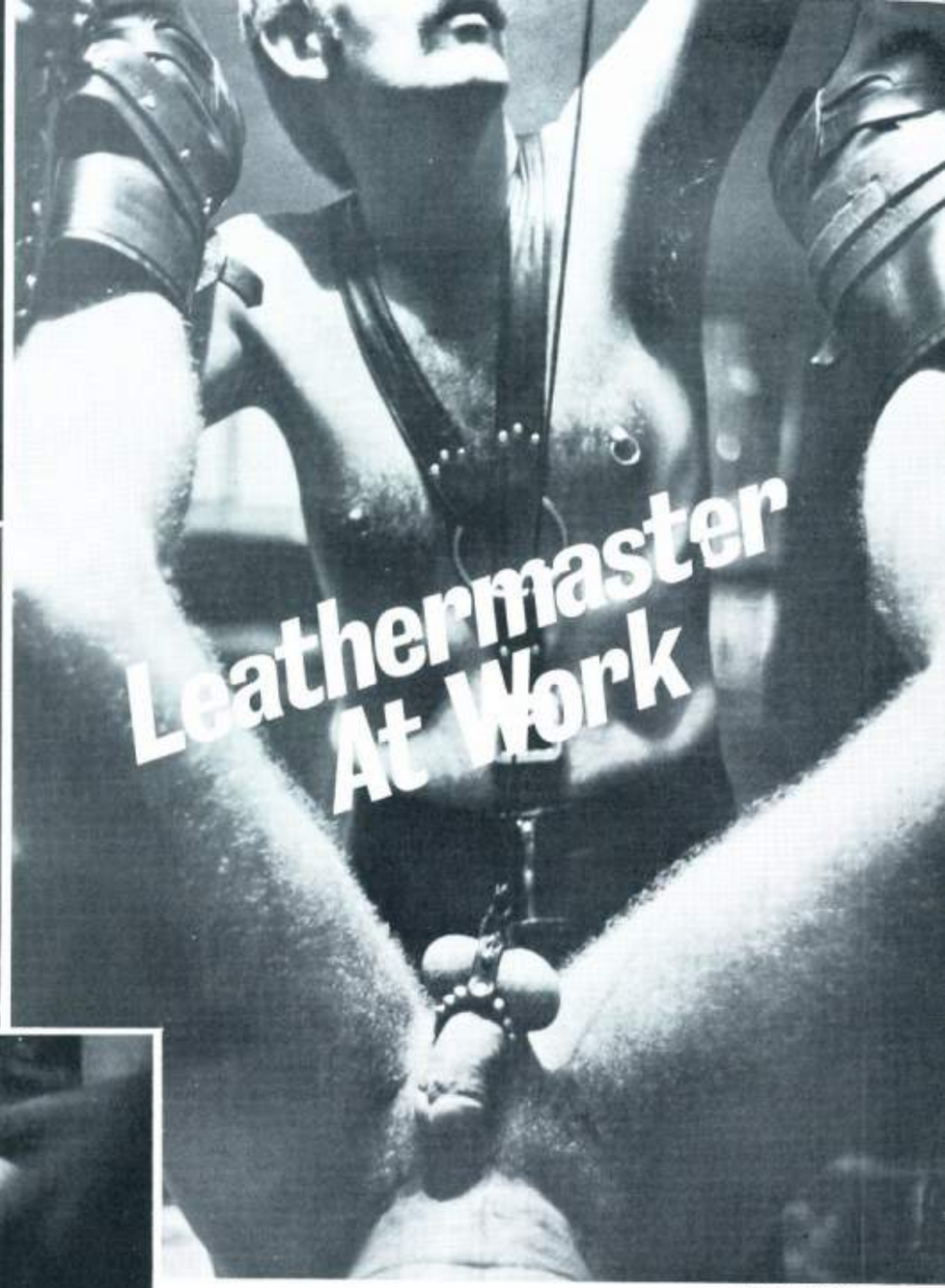
For anyone interested in further information concerning The Quarters, write QUARTERS, Box 3119, San Francisco, CA 94119.



MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER

San Francisco's David Kloss fits the title, Mr. International Leather, like a new pair of chaps. This almost six foot, blonde leather stud has been all over the world; from working the oil fields of the middle East to turning on the charm in the hot spots of Europe.

Settling down on the West Coast doesn't seem to cramp his style at all. As the official entrant from The Brig, David took Chicago by storm (they'll be talking about this dude for a long, long time). It had to be a hands-down choice for the title, even if David really didn't think he stood a chance of winning. But this tud has personality, and a smile, and muscles, and . . . you guessed it.

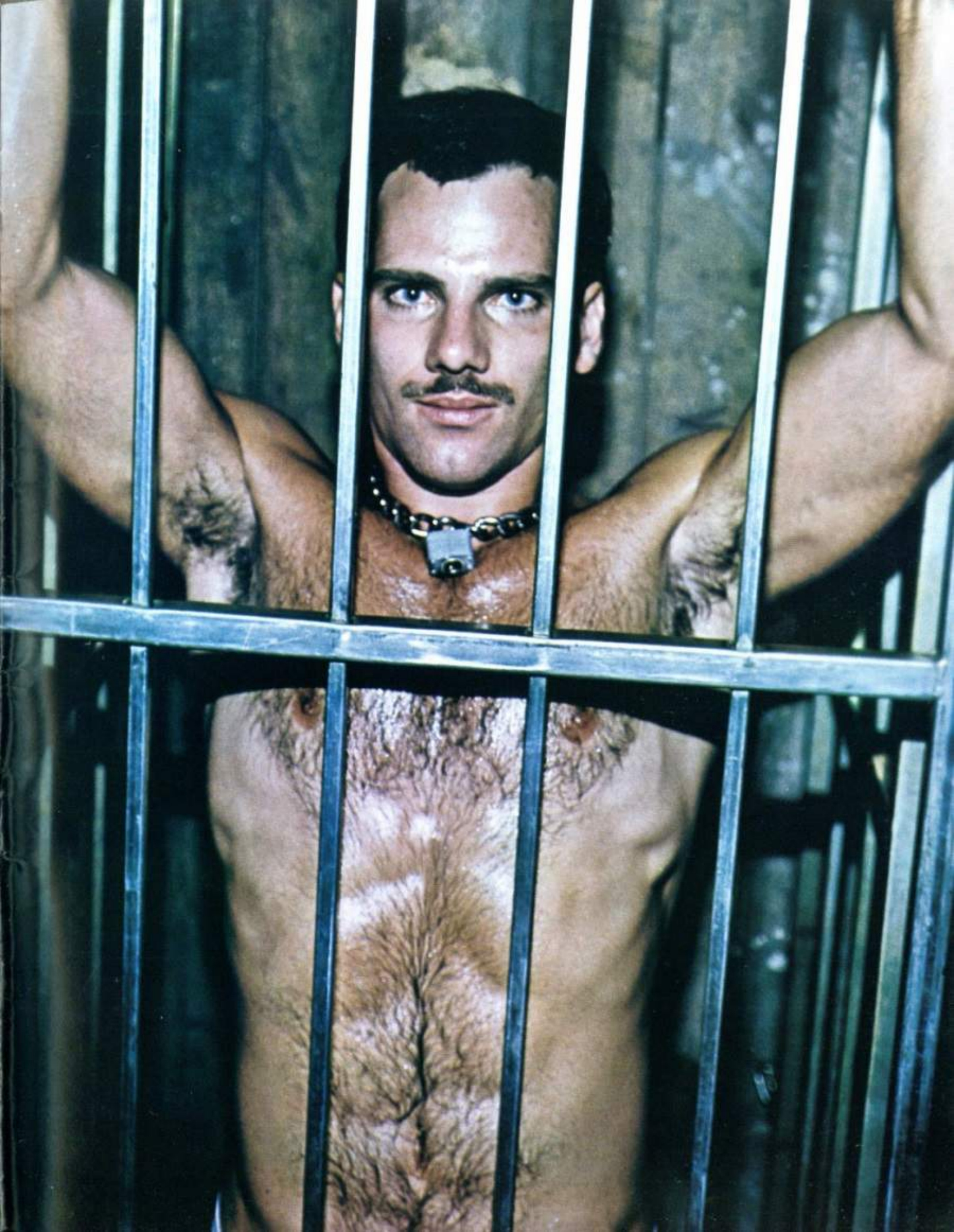


Leathermaster At Work

Photos by *Wolfgang*

He knows, from the black-walled room; from the huge expanse of mirrors, from the various instruments and devices hanging from the ceiling, what it will be like. Perhaps. He is led willingly, anxious, to a chain-supported sling. He is strapped down, buckled in, bound. What comes next is no longer up to him. But he knows that.

Don and his friend, strictly all-American, heavy-duty Leathermaster and slave. Hard core, professional, available . . . if you're man enough to get down and get it going. But how do you go about finding a blue-blooded wielder of the whip? If you're ready for it; you already know how.



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IN PASSING...

'ALL TIED UP'

A common expression with a lot of connotations is "all tied up." It can mean anything from being bound to the bedpost, lovingly or otherwise, to being up to your ass in more important activities than those suggested by whomever you are talking to.

It can refer to various parts of the body and pysche. A stomach all-tied-up-in-knots can denote nervousness, apprehension or just indigestion. Being tied up can keep one from dinner, or coming to the phone or missing an appointment.

But the being tied up we are dealing with at this moment, Gentle Reader, is an internal constipation that all of us suffer from at one time or another.

To continue, in past years the saloon has been the gathering place for men who sought the company of other men. Prior to gay lib, there were few social organizations, churches and the resultant functions where men could openly express their admiration for one another. There have always been plenty of places where they could attack, maim or kill each other with government sanction. But should one man show affection for another in the framework of the American puritan ethic, he was suspect at best, and at worst, persecuted and prosecuted.

Now, in the more enlightened parts of our country, that has diminished considerably and we are on our own to expand and intensify our relationships.

These days the bars, baths and restaurants are more relaxed. There are political organizations, social clubs, encounter clubs and in the larger cities, even comraderie in our everyday lives. There are even those among us who have little contact with the hetero world.

Gay people belong to the largest fraternity in the world. Kinsey said that one human in ten is a practicing homosexual. Masters and Johnson corraborate that figure and elaborate on it. You have, or should have, friends wherever you go. But how are you or they going to know about it if you are so tied up within that you can't acknowledge what you have in common with all of these men?

Years ago we had mostly "posing bars" where the clientelle stood around with a "look but don't touch" attitude. No, change that to "but don't talk." In those days you didn't dare even shake hands, let alone put your arm around anyone. Today, in our rapidly liberated gay society there are many who are too young to remember those days, but have inherited that same attitude nonetheless.

Guys who are afraid to encourage a brother in a conversation for fear that someone more attractive might turn up later are a pain in the ass. "You're not my type" is adolescent and unworthy. The rare great love affairs of my life have been with guys who were not my type. The ones who *were* my type (a mixture of Roberts Redford, Conrad and Mitchum) turned out frequently to be hardly worth knowing.

As with other minorities, gays are as prejudiced against many others of their peers who are different. Ask any black, oriental or chicano the next time you come across one in a gay bar. Or are you the type that wouldn't ask them anything for fear of getting involved?

We get what we give. And usually deserve what we get. Next time you are "all tied up," let it be literally, not emotionally.

— ROBERT PAYNE

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